

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

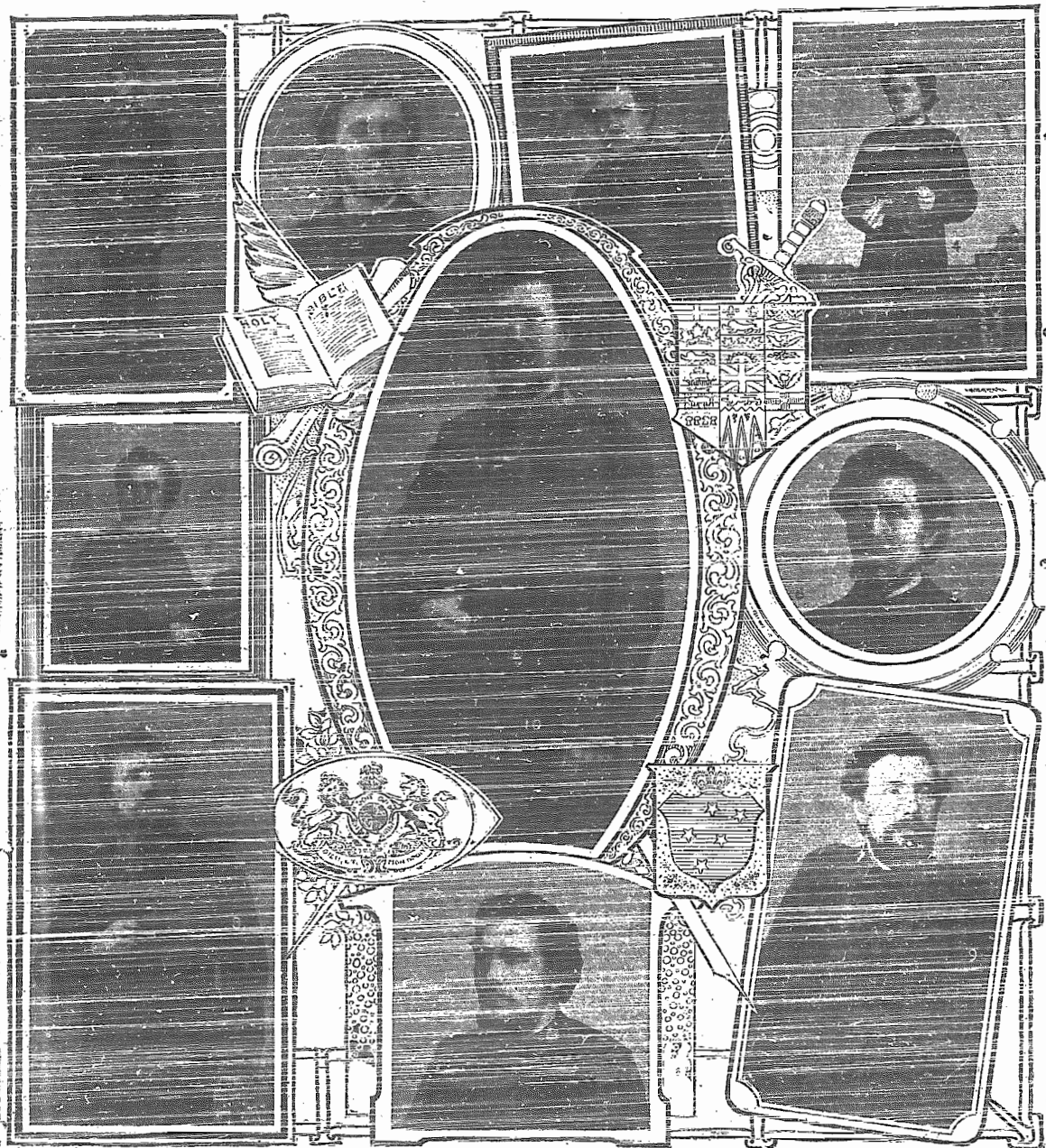
28th Year. No. 6.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1906.

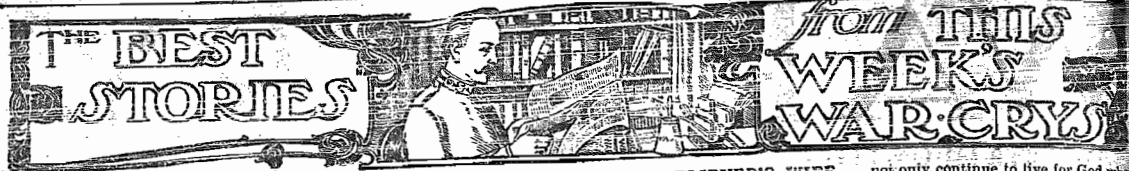
THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner

Price 2 Cents.



COMMISSIONER COOMBS, OUR BELOVED LEADER, AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS CAREER.

- 1—The Commissioner at time of conversion. 2—Lieut. Coombs, first appointment, age nineteen. 3—As he appeared when he opened his first corps in Lancashire. 4—At the age of twenty-one. 5—Capt. Coombs. 6—Last of Christian Mission days. 7—Major Coombs, S. Wales' D. C. 8—Commissioner of Canadian Forces, 1884-89. 9—Commissioner of Australian Forces, 1889-95. 10—When Commissioner of British Forces, 1895-1902.



"IN THE NICK OF TIME."

They Stopped Him from Going on the "Bus."

Two Australian officers, whilst Self-Denial collecting, came to a lonely farmhouse, some miles distant from any other place. They were driving in a buggy, and stopped by the roadside to consider whether it was worth while calling. The house was a miserable looking place, and no one could be seen about but an old man in his working clothes. There seemed to be no prospect of adding to the amount already in the book, but the officers thought it a pity to pass without calling.

The old man received them somewhat suspiciously at first, but when he heard they were Salvation Army officers a magical change came over him.

"Come in, come in!" he cried warmly. "It is four or five years since I've seen a preacher of any kind. I was just a wishin' I could see somebody o' your sort. I've got suttick a-troubling me, and I can't tell wot's up. There's suttick in 'ere," he said, tapping his chest, "that's a-pushin' me. I feel like-like goin' on the bust; but I don't want to do that. I ain't touched a glass for three year."

"That's good," said the Lieutenant. "Yes, three year ago I give it up, and I've kept it ever since. I shouldn't care to break it now, after all that time; but since this 'ere uncomfortable, dissatisfied feelin' took hold of me, suttick's been sayin' all the time, 'Tuke up the hose now, and go right into the township and 'ave good bust up.' I don't want to do that, though. I feel it's suttick far better than that wot I wants. I want suttick good now. I've ad onuff of bad ways in my lifetime."

The officers saw at once what was the matter. The Holy Spirit had been at work. The man's soul was longing after God.

The explanation gave him great satisfaction.

"But," said he, "wot's this 'ere tells me to go on the bust? That ain't from God, nor 'is it?"

"No," said the Lieutenant, "that's the devil. He knows if you go 'on the bust' you won't be able to think about God, and then your soul will be lost."

"Ha!" said the old man, "that's wot it is—is it? Then I've done with it. He shan't push me no moor. I'm goin' to pray to my God. You chaps lan here just in the nick o' time. I couldn't have held out much longer."

Two hours the officers stayed with him, and when they left he was rejoicing in a glad salvation.

He was much better off than he

appeared to be, and gave them a pound for Self-Denial, as well as some farm produce, telling them if ever they came that way again to give him a call, and they would always receive something from him—they or any other Salvationist.

It was ascertained later that this man has been a happy Christian ever since, and instead of going "on the bust," he yokes up the horse into the buggy and drives to the nearest township where the Army has a corps and attends the meetings there on a Sunday, always willing to say a word for God.—*Australian War Cry.*

FORTIFIED WITH WINE.

The Devil Made an Effort to Keep Him, but Failed.

The Sergeant-Major of the Wellington corps, South Africa, was one of the earliest converts in the country. His conversion came about in this way:

The Salvation Army officers happened to pass the shop where he was working shortly after their advent to the town. Their appearance aroused considerable curiosity as to who they were and what they represented. None of the local people knew anything about the Army, but one or two of the Englishmen in the shop had seen it in England, and gave their mates some more or less truthful accounts of its proceedings. Getting on his now Sergeant-Major, determined he would go and see for himself, and that night he attended the meeting, after fortifying himself against any evil effects by a considerable allowance of wine. The upshot was that at the close he found himself at the penitent form with four others.

The devil, however, was determined not to let him go without an endeavor to keep such a whole-hearted servant of evil as he at that time was, and subtly suggested to his mind the following day that he had been drunk the previous night when he went to the penitent form, and that God did not have anything to do with drunken people. There being no one at hand to counsel him aright, he was carried away by this and gave up. A little while afterwards, however, he again attended a meeting, taking particular care that he was sober on this occasion, and once more sought salvation, and definitely found it. To his very great joy he saw, when he rose from his knees, that his wife was also among the converts rejoicing around him. This was twenty-two years ago, and there has been no turning back since that for either.—*South African War Cry.*

The Praying League.

Prayer Topic: Pray that in the last days of the Holiness Campaign a mighty climax of blessing may be given.

Sunday, Nov. 11.—Aim High.—Col. iii. 1-17.

Monday, Nov. 12.—Speak With Grace.—Col. iii. 18-25; iv. 1-14.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Soldiers' Standard.—1 Thess. i. 1-10; ii. 4-13.

Wednesday, Nov. 14.—Till Jesus Comes.

Thursday, Nov. 15.—Good Officers.—1 Thess. v. 1-25.

Friday, Nov. 16.—Day of Revelation.—2 Thess. i. 1-12.

Saturday, Nov. 17.—Paul's Prayers.—2 Thess. ii. 10-17; iii. 1-15.

IMPORTANT NOTES.

At the 24th Anniversary.

The Praying League was not over-

looked at the councils. A large poster in the Council Chamber reminded all of their obligation to "join to-day, do not delay."

The Commissioner emphasized the importance of all officers, soldiers, and friends uniting definitely with the League.

Circulars were distributed and we shall expect some results from the efforts put forth to give the League prominence during the Congress. It is our dear Commissioner's desire that the League may be greatly increased in membership and power in this second year upon which we now enter.

Have a Time to Pray.

We have never requested our Praying Leaguers to set apart a universal hour, thinking we might mention a time inconvenient to many.

As is well known, 12.30 p.m. is the Salvation Army's world-wide hour of prayer. We would like at this stage of the history of our League to suggest that our members remember the special topic given for the weekly prayer

THE UNBELIEVER'S WIFE.

Dramatic Story from Glasgow.

A well-educated, superior-looking, young man was attracted by the open-air week or so ago in connection with Glasgow City Hall.

He seemed much impressed, and when spoken to he said he wished he was dead, as anything would be better than his present existence.

Having been prevailed upon to go to the hall, he there knelt and found salvation, after which he told a very sad story.

He had been for years an atheist, and was in the habit of lecturing in public places. He had lost all situation through drink, and, thoroughly ashamed of himself, had left home that night determined to end his life. On the table he had left a letter to his young wife bidding her farewell and saying she would find his body in the Clyde at eight o'clock.

At first he was ashamed to go home, and said he would wait about till the next morning; but one of the bandmen took him home and found things precisely as had been stated.

The letter was handed to him by the wife, who was much distressed. The husband said, "Wife, I am a cry a new man," and together they knelt to pray.

The man has since taken his stand in the open-air, and said on Sunday that that he was the happiest day of his life.—*Social Gazette.*

NATIVES AND MAGIC.

A Wonderful Work at Johannesburg.

The following report of Salvation work among the natives of South Africa contains some facts that are both amusing and instructive:

Our Central Hall on the Rand is situated close to the Compound of the Salisbury and Jubilee Gold Mines, and meetings are regularly conducted amongst the natives employed there. For instance, every Sunday night a salvation lantern service is held in the Compound itself, and the natives of most of whom belong to the Mashagan tribe, attend in large numbers.

These people had never seen a magic-lantern before, and their excitement when the pictures were thrown on the screen threatened at first to upset the meeting. Several of the natives working in the mines named have been converted, and recently eight of them were sworn-in as soldiers.

It is thus evident that the natives we are able to influence on the Rand

not only continue to live for God when they return to their heathen villages, but also tell their fellow-tribesmen what they were taught to believe and do at the Army.—*British War Cry.*

"WONDERFUL! GLORY!"

How Mrs. Brigadier Pebbles was Healed.

The following remarkable story of faith-healing is written by Brigadier Pebbles, of the United States:

"I am pleased to tell you that Mrs. Pebbles is a new woman. The Lord has given her a healing touch that has made us all wonder. Our comrades have prayed for her so sincerely, and the Lord has heard their prayers and raised her up.

"You see, she was going fast. She had what they called a mixed infection, that is, two kinds of bacilli. Her temperature ranged between 102 and 104 every day. She had turned against all food, and frequently vomited up the little she took. She could only sleep on her back, and frequently had to sit up in bed and sleep. She slept in a tent at night and lay in a hammock on the porch by day. She could scarcely lean on me and walk from the tent to the porch.

"The doctor said he had no more remedies he could try on her. I consulted a second doctor, and he said would just have to patiently wait for the end.

"In our extremity we obeyed the word of God given us in James v. 14, 15. That was on July 27th. The next day she had no fever, the diarrhoea stopped and she began to eat and gain strength. We used no more medicine.

"She did a washing yesterday (Aug. 24th) and ironed it day without any difficulty. She has walked two or three miles at a stretch easily, and is gaining strength hourly. She has a little cough yet, but faith shall conquer all, and she will soon be 'every whit whole.'

"Our unsaved neighbors look at her and exclaim, 'Wonderful! Glory be to God!'

"Mrs. Major Willis is here to-day and she says, 'Mrs. Pebbles does not look as though she had been sick at all.'

"Previous to Mrs. Pebbles being healed we had sent for her mother, in order that one of her relatives might be near her. Now Mrs. Pebbles is going to remain here with her mother for the present, and I go back to my work the first of September."

"We do indeed rejoice with the brigadier in the wonderful restoration of dear Mrs. Pebbles. May she be spared to her family and the war for many years to come!—*American War Cry.*

We gladly welcome this dear, brave soldier.

Our Erstwhile Leader, Miss Booth.

It was my privilege to spend a few days, during my recent visit to New York, with our erstwhile leader, Miss Booth.

I found her very much improved in health after her recent serious and painful illness, but still very frail.

Miss Booth made many loving enquiries about her old friends in the Land of the Maple, and showed deep interest in the progress of the Salvation Army in her old command, where her name is still honored and her work lovingly remembered. Miss Booth expressed her pleasure in joining our Praying League, and I am sure our constituency will gladly welcome her, and while she remembers the many needs of our country in prayer we shall continually thank her and her great command before the One Great Hearer and Answerer of Prayer.

THIRTY YEARS OF SOUL WINNING

BY THE COMMISSIONER

WITH LESSONS AND SUGGESTIONS ON SOUL-SAVING BASED ON PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, FOR THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.



EDITOR'S NOTE.—We herewith publish, with great pleasure, the first of a series of articles from the pen of the Commissioner. Soul-saving work, both as concerns the officer commanding in the field and the private soldier of the ranks, is the theme of the series, which we predict will be read with the keenest interest by all who are concerned in the advancement of God's Kingdom on earth—even those who are not will find them rich in human interest. The Commissioner's long experience and world-wide reputation as a successful soul-winner enable him to write with the authority of a master on his subject. He is also an enthusiast for the souls of men. Mr. Cecil Rhodes once remarked that some people made the collecting of old china, and growing orchids

their hobby—his own hobby, he said, was the expansion of the British Empire. The Commissioner's hobby—if we may use so frivolous a word in connection with so divine a subject—is the saving of souls. In the following article he lets us into the secret as to how he got and how he retains this all-consuming passion, and the words are sent forth in the prayerful hope that in the hearts of all Salvationists and Christian workers the fire of love for the souls of men may be made seven times hotter, for if frigid hearts are to be melted into contrition during the coming winter, it must be by human love and the Fire of the Holy Christ. There is no doubt that these articles will stimulate thought, and if our readers would like further light on any points that may arise they are invited to send their questions to the Editor, which will be dealt with in a concluding article by the Commissioner.

No. 1.—The Passion for Souls—How I Got It and How I Keep It.



HERE is no subject that causes one to feel more overwhelmed by its importance and solemnity than that of winning souls for Christ. How helpless all human power is unless linked on to the divine, and gladly I acknowledged God in every effort I have put forth for the salvation of men, and willingly lay at His dear feet all the glory for any blessing I may have been made to my fellows in any part of the world.

A Memorable Night.

In answering the question as to how I have been enabled to win souls for Christ, I would say in the first place I obtained a love for the souls of men—nay, a passion for them—very early in my soldier career. I remember so well as if it were only yesterday, how, as a young convert, there was put within me a great longing that other people might have the same peace of soul and joy in the service of God as I myself had; in fact, there were two things spoken in the testimony given when I arose from the penitent form on that memorable night, when God, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins, that stand out very prominently. First, I thanked God for having saved me, and wished I had been saved before; and second, gave expression to my feelings in the following words: "Oh, that everybody else had this!" Here was the beginning of that love for the souls of men, which, by God's blessing, has not only been maintained, but has gone on increasing, and I can say with truth that—

"The sight that charms me most
Is a sinner at the cross."

A Great Love.

This love for souls was put in my heart when I first knelt at the mercy seat, seeking forgiveness for my own sins, and obtaining it at the hands of a loving Saviour! As the days, weeks, and months went on, and I was brought into contact with men and women of God, my eyes were opened to the depths from which I had been

digged, and the rock from which I had been hewn, and my love for the souls of men increased accordingly.

I had a special baptism for service. At the time, however, I scarcely understood that it was so; in fact, the blessing I received had not really shaped itself up before me as having anything to do with a special equipment for God's work. Hitherto I had only known that I possessed a deep longing for a higher life, a sense of a great lack of power, and a consciousness that I was not wholly on the altar.

The special blessing I refer to took place a few months after my conversion, and after I had been used in

"Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore."

What It Means.

How little one realizes when they take up some small cross for Christ, what following the leadings of His Spirit, and obeying His command may ultimately mean. That Sunday night's obedience cost me much. All I knew and understood up to that time was, as I have already remarked, the consciousness of a great lack, the sense of a real and deep need, the reaching out of my heart after a fuller and more complete surrender, and a longing after

fanned, until I came to be a blazing flame.

It was not long after this that I received the call for officership; and, as a result of that blessed Sunday night, I found within me the ready response to the voice of God, and a willing obedience to the divine call. Obstacles were many, difficulties great; there were hills to climb and rivers to wade through, but that love for the souls of men, that passion for the pulling of them out of the fire, were so strong that they carried me right past every obstacle, and landed me in the great city of London to take up my first appointment as an officer in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

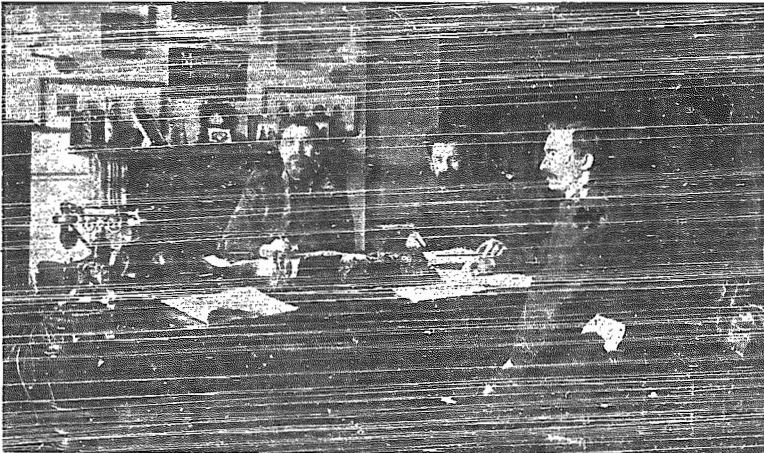
How this love for souls has been maintained is a question I must answer as simply and plainly as I can.

How to Keep Love.

I have found it most helpful, with the in-crowned wisdom God has given me, to do what I tried to do as a young convert; namely, to realize the awful condition in which men are, the terrible state in which they are living, and try to grasp, so far as my poor mind can, the terrible hell to which they are going. Then I endeavor to get a clear view of the price paid by my Redeemer for the salvation of sinners, to understand the great efforts put forth by the Holy Spirit to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan

to God, to comprehend the marvelous deliverance that awaits them here, and the eternal reward that will be theirs if they only follow Him. With these realizations before me, I have tried to put myself alongside my Lord and Master, and to mingle my tears with His, weeping over the Jerusalem to-day as He wept over the Jerusalem in years gone by; and have thus been prepared to lay myself at His dearest for any service that would help to turn the eyes of men and women towards God.

In all my efforts for the salvation of men, I have, as it were, heard His voice saying unto me, "If I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," and I have found that He is, as He has ever been, the attraction for lost souls, as well as their Saviour.



Commissioner Coombs, when British Commissioner, with his Chief and Field Secretaries. (At that time Colonel Kilbey, now Commissioner, was Chief Secretary, and Colonel Hay, now Commissioner, was Field Secretary.)

some silly way as a young convert in my corps.

It came about thus: The Chief of the Staff had been holding a day's meetings with us. It was a hard Sunday; so far as visible results were concerned; in fact, no one would surrender to the claims of God from among the crowd of sinners who sat in the packed building and listened to the burping messages he delivered. At last, led by the Spirit, he turned the prayer meeting into a holiness meeting, and I was among the number who went forward for the blessing of Full Salvation. How vividly the whole scene comes before me as I write. I remember repenting on my knees—

purity. The struggle was a severe one. The devil made a great onslaught on me. He appealed to my pride, and attacked me on all points. What would the people say? Was it necessary? Could I not be just as good without? did I not know some who had gone out to the penitent form before, and were to all appearances none the better for it? It will be the same with you also, and so forth: and yet in that sacred hour, there came the equipment for service, the power to be the man I wanted to be, the backing for that work which was to follow. For God not only cleansed me, not only emptied my heart, but filled it. I have learned in the years which followed that it was then the fire was

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

A Word to the Young.

One of the most impressive sights in connection with the recent councils at Toronto was when the officers present who had been converted at the age of seventeen or before were asked to stand. Quite eighty per cent. did so, and it was suggested that if the age were raised to twenty nearly all present would have risen. There is no doubt such would have been the case.

To us this is most encouraging, for if youth be the slippery path it is sometimes represented and there is little doubt that youth has its peculiar temptations and besetments—it is evident enough that there are plenty who find that God's grace has been sufficient to keep them in the hour of temptation when young. Do not despair when tried and tempted. His grace will keep you.

Youthful readers, you are now in the making, and like the seventeen-year-old boy we saw the other day behind the prison bars, you have capacity for good or evil. What are you laying yourself out to be? You are young. You are probably ordinary, but you possess latent powers. Shall they be sanctified or unsanctified? Learn a lesson from the homely yeast. Under the microscope the yeast plant reveals neither grandeur nor beauty. But it makes two products. One of these makes the dough rise, and renders bread light and digestible. It is an insignificant agent, but it can convert the flour of the western prairies into wholesome food. Its other product is alcohol. The yeast germ is original manufacturer of this. Without the yeast germ it would not exist. And when one recollects how many great men have been ruined, how many wise men have been made foolish, how many happy homes have been ruined by drink, he cannot but shudder at the awful possibilities that reside in the microscopic, one-tailed yeast plant. Infinitely greater for good or evil are the possibilities in every life.

So, that you spend yours rightily. You can only do it with God's help.



Tibetan Llamas. We have no officers in Tibet.

Some Peoples of the Earth

On this page we show types of two nations. Amongst one the Blood-and-Fire flag waves, and numbers of the tribe have been led to Christ—they are the Maoris, the original inhabitants of New Zealand.

Formerly the Maoris were greatly given to cannibalism. The real reason of this revolting practice was the superstitious notion that any one who ate the flesh of another became endowed with all the best qualities of that person. A chief would sometimes eat only the left eye of his enemy, that being supposed to be the seat of his soul. To drink the blood was to imbibe his courage and spirit. The practice must also be regarded as symbolizing a man's final triumph over his enemy.

But Christian civilization has rendered these things of the past.

The Tibetans show us how grateful we should be that we were born in a Christian land, for they are in total darkness concerning our glorious Christ, and pray to a god by means of a wheel. The prayer wheel of Tibet is said to consist of a hollow, cylindrical bag, which revolves round a spindle, one end of which forms the handle. The cylinder is turned by means of a piece of copper attached to a string. A slight twist of the hand makes the cylinder revolve, and each revolution represents one repetition of the prayer, which is written on a scroll kept under the cylinder (sometimes it is engraved outside). The

prayer wheels are of all sizes, from that of a large barrel downwards; but those carried in the hand are generally four or six inches in height by about three inches in diameter, with a handle projecting about four inches below the bottom of the cylinder. They have praying-stones, praying-pyramids, praying-flags, lying over every house, praying-wheels, praying-mills, and the universal prayer, "Om mane padme hum," is never out of their mouths. These four words, among all prayers on earth, form that which is most abundantly recited, written, and printed.

"Work at Yourselves."

A short time ago a very gifted authoress passed away, and a well-known journalist who wrote a personal sketch laid great stress on the fact that she "worked at herself."

This seems to be very significant phrase, and we should like a few short sketches to show our young people, for whom this page specially caters, how some people who have risen to eminence and honor have worked at themselves.

Perhaps there are few more inspiring personalities in history than Demosthenes, the Athenian patriot and orator. He was but sixteen years of age when he heard an orator speak, and realized the great power of eloquence over the minds of men, and straightway set about "working at himself." He was most unpromising raw material, for he had poor health, a weak voice, an impediment in his speech, and very short breath.

His efforts to improve his natural defects of utterance seem almost incredible, and prove that an industrious perseverance can surmount all things. He stammered to such a degree that he could not pronounce some letters, and he was so short-breathed he could not utter a sentence without stopping. He at length overcame these obstacles by putting small pebbles in his mouth and pronouncing verses in that manner without interruption, also shouting and declaiming as he ran up steep places, to give him better breathing powers. He went to the seaside in order that he might overcome a natural timidity by wading the tumultuous waves, and thus fortifying himself against the tumults of public assemblies.

To correct a fault which he had contracted by an ill habit of continually shrugging his shoulders, he practised standing upright in a very narrow pulpit or restrum with a sword hanging point down so that if he shrugged he stabbed himself.

His application to study was no less surprising. He shut himself up in a small chamber under ground, shaving on purpose one half of his head and face, that he might not be tempted to drop his studies and go abroad.

He rose very early in the morning and used to say that he was very sorry when any workman was at his business before him.

What was the result of all this? "He carried the art of speaking to the highest degree of perfection of which it is capable."

The enemies of Athens declared that "the eloquence of Demosthenes did them more hurt than all the armies and fleets of the Athenians."

May we not learn a lesson from this man who lived nearly three hundred years before Christ.

He, for the sake of his country, worked thus at himself, should not our young people, especially Corps-Cadets, who are hoping to become officers, for the sake of Christ and sinful souls work at themselves so as to obtain knowledge to do their life's work.



A Maori Woman. We have a good Salvation work among the Maoris.



A Maori Man.

CHRIST IN THE PRISON CELL.



The Central Prison, Toronto.



FOR some time a very blessed work in connection with Canadian prisons has been carried on by the Salvation Army, and at the present time

there are no fewer than forty cities in the Dominion in which the Salvation Army officers have every facility offered them for conducting Salvation meetings in the prison and engaging in personal interviews with the prisoners.

The methods employed by the Army touch law-breakers at various points. There are the meetings, salvation and social—what is meant by social is much in the nature of a concert—personal interviews, Police Court remand cases, and prisoners on parole.

It was the writer's privilege recently to attend one of the social meetings at the Central Prison, Toronto. Commissioner Coombs and some members of his Staff rendered the various items on the program.

Dr. Gilmour, the Warden, led the little company into a large, airy, well-lighted room, at the end of which was a crimson covered dais, a pianoforte, an organ, and a reading desk. We were in the prison chapel.

Fronting us sat 300 men, closely cropped, clad in garb of alternate blue and brown stripes, well-nourished, and apparently fairly happy. Anyway, the welcome afforded the Salvation Army gave no evidence of restraint or fear.

Dr. Gilmour presided over the meeting. After an opening hymn had been most heartily sung, and prayer had been offered up and reverently listened to by the prisoners, the worthy War-

den made an excellent little speech. This is its substance: "Boys, I sometimes very often wonder what we should do if the Salvation Army were to withdraw from us entirely. It would make a great gap, would it not? (Vigorous clapping.) I invited Commissioner Coombs and Staff to come to-night, and find that the Salvation Army always graciously accepts the invitation. (More clapping.) Sometimes in connection with our other meetings I am obliged to run all over the city to get people to come and talk and sing to us; but I never have to do that with the Salvation Army. Their efforts are often spontaneous, and their visits are always a treat, a pleasure to us. In fact, I think we are getting to look upon the Salvation Army as a part of the Central Prison. (More clapping and laughter.) At any rate, they always have sympathy with the under dog, and we are very glad to have them here to-night." (Loud applause.)

More was said, but the foregoing is sufficient to show the man-to-man, sympathetic style of the Warden's address to the men in stripes before him.

The meeting consisted of vocal and instrumental music and a couple of brief speeches. The items were exceedingly well rendered, and the prisoners frequently called for and obtained an encore. I have never seen a more appreciative audience.

Commissioner Coombs sang a lively Salvation ditty to the tune, "My bus is a high-born lady." It went down in ripping style, and afterwards he gave a characteristic speech, and told how that when walking down the street a few days ago a well-dressed man

This is a Highly Interesting Account of the Salvation Army's Work Amongst Prisoners in the Dominion, and Contains Some Remarkable Examples of What the Grace of God can do for Habitual Criminals and First Offenders.

touched him on the arm and said, "Don't you know me? I last saw you in the Central Prison." (More laughter.) Then the man told the Commissioner how he had found Christ in the Central, and that he was now earning good wages and trying to serve God. Another man, a few days before, had said almost the same thing to the Commissioner in the Union Depot. When those who desired prayers on their behalf, and to serve God, were asked to stand on their feet, twenty-three did so.

That is the merest outline of the proceedings, but it indicates the trend of that meeting. Salvation services are, of course, still more direct appeals to the soul.

A few days later the writer was introduced to another aspect of Prison Work—personal interviewing.

The Central Prison is a pleasantly-situated and well-kept institution, and the system of iron-barred cells render personal interviews much more convenient than the locked-door system in vogue in some other countries.

The first prisoner we visited was a married man with three little children, who would have fared very hardly were it not for the fact that the Salvation Army renders the wife weekly assistance. He was a good tradesman, but in an evil hour had committed a forgery. He had for

eight months, however, been trying to live a Christian life in jail, and his wife had given God her heart also. He assured me that perhaps it was a good thing that he had been imprisoned, or perhaps he would never have thought about God. The man's face positively beamed as the Staff-Captain told him about the children.

Our visit was quite unexpected, and I shall not forget the thrill I experienced as, passing silently in front of the grated cells, I witnessed a silent figure kneeling at his chair, his head buried in his hands—at prayer.

He had given God his heart in the Salvation meeting a short time previously. Who can tell what petition that storm-driven soul was presenting to his Maker—silent and unheard by mortal, but seen and understood by Him who sitteth among the cherubim.

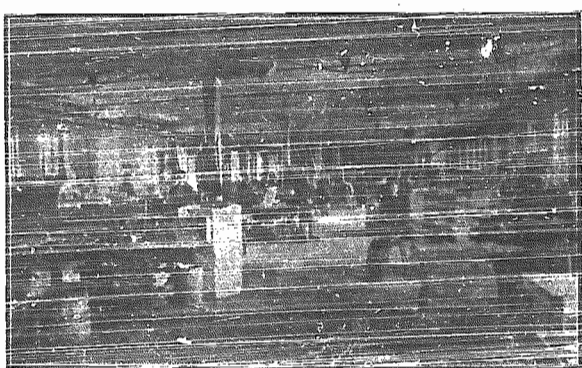
(To be continued.)

IN GOOD FIGHTING TRIM AT WINNIPEG.

God is saving in our midst and all kinds of sinners are coming to the mercy seat.

Our soldiers are in good fighting trim, and ready for service on week days as well as Sundays.

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any rate, in a remarkably brief space of time, the many and varied wants of all appeared to have been adequately met.

At eight o'clock the engines once more began to throb and the screws to revolve, and soon we were gliding past scenery which was a veritable feast of color, and drew forth profuse expressions of admiration from all who crowded the ship's sides. It was truly magnificent. Such a gorgeous display of autumnal tinting I had never witnessed. The great splashes of deepest crimson, russet, and gold of the maple trees, being variegated with the rich, dark green pine trees and later larches; which, with the quaint white houses whose dark roofs peeped amid the riot of color that pervaded the rising banks of the river, and the deep purple of the hills beyond made a scene of indescribable beauty. The land was good to look upon.

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The St. Lawrence.

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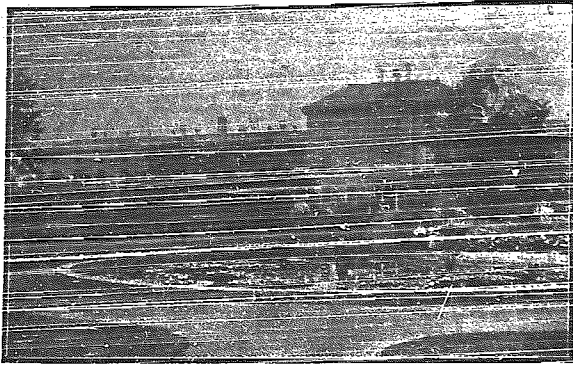
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great vessel sheer through the massive iron bottom until the great engines were lifted free from their solid foundation. She is said to be unsalvageable. On Monday morning the Kensington moored at Montreal, a city of impressive proportions viewed from the river. The Salvation Army officers were in waiting, and those whose situations and employment lay in and around Montreal were speeded to their journey's end, while others proceeded to Toronto, where Brigadier Howell and his Staff of able assistants were in readiness to solve all problems and render needed assistance.

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CHRIST IN THE PRISON CELL.



The Central Prison, Toronto.

FOR some time a very blessed work in connection with Canadian prisons has been carried on by the Salvation Army, and at the present time there are no fewer than forty cities in the Dominion in which the Salvation Army officers have every facility offered them for conducting Salvation meetings in the prison and engaging in personal interviews with the prisoners.

The methods employed by the Army touch law-breakers at various points. There are the meetings, salvation and social—what is meant by social is much in the nature of a concert personal interviews, Police Court remand cases, and prisoners on parole.

It was the writer's privilege recently to attend one of the social meetings at the Central Prison, Toronto. Commissioner Coombs and some members of his Staff rendered the various items on the program.

Dr. Gilmore, the Warden, led the little company into a large, airy, well-lighted room, at the end of which was a crimson covered dais, a piano-forte, an organ, and a reading desk. We were in the prison chapel.

Fronting us sat 300 men, closely cropped, clad in garb of alternate blue and brown stripes, well-nourished, and apparently fairly happy. Anyway, the welcome afforded the Salvation Army gave no evidence of restraint or fear.

Dr. Gilmore presided over the meeting. After an opening hymn had been most heartily sung, and prayer had been offered up and reverently listened to by the prisoners, the worthy War-

den made an excellent little speech. This is its substance: "Boys, I sometimes very often wonder what we should do if the Salvation Army were to withdraw from us entirely. It would make a great gap, would it not? (Vigorous clapping.) I invited Commissioner Coombs and Staff to come to-night, and find that the Salvation Army always graciously accepts the invitation. (More clapping.) Sometimes in connection with our other meetings I am obliged to run all over the city to get people to come and talk and sing to us; but I never have to do that with the Salvation Army. Their efforts are often spontaneous, and their visits are always a treat, a pleasure to us. In fact, I think we are getting to look upon the Salvation Army as a part of the Central Prison. (More clapping and laughter.) At any rate, they always have sympathy with the under dog, and we are very glad to have them here to-night." (Loud applause.)

More was said, but the foregoing is sufficient to show the man-to-man, sympathetic style of the Warden's address to the men in stripes before him. The meeting consisted of vocal and instrumental music and a couple of brief speeches. The items were exceedingly well rendered, and the prisoners frequently called for and obtained an encore. I have never seen a more appreciative audience.

Commissioner Coombs sang a lively Salvation ditty to the tune, "My Huss is a high-born lady." It went down in ripping style, and afterwards he gave a characteristic speech, and told how that when walking down the street a few days ago a well-dressed man

any rate, in a remarkably brief space of time, the many and varied wants of all appeared to have been adequately met.

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touched him on the arm and said, "Don't you know me? I last saw you in the Central Prison." (More laughter.) Then the man told the Commissioner how he had found Christ in the Central, and that he was now earning good wages and trying to serve God. Another man, a few days before, had said almost the same thing to the Commissioner in the Union Depot. When those who desired prayers on their behalf, and to serve God, were asked to stand on their feet, twenty-three did so.

That is the merest outline of the proceedings, but it indicates the trend of that meeting. Salvation services are, of course, still more direct appeals to the soul.

A few days later the writer was introduced to another aspect of Prison Work—personal interviewing.

The Central Prison is a pleasantly-situated and well-kept institution, and the system of iron-barred cells render personal interviews much more convenient than the locked-door system in vogue in some other countries.

The first prisoner we visited was a married man with three little children, who would have fared very hardly were it not for the fact that the Salvation Army renders the wife weekly assistance. He was a good tradesman, but in an evil hour had committed a forgery. He had for

sight months, however, been trying to live a Christian life in jail, and his wife had given God her heart also. He assured me that perhaps it was a good thing that he had been imprisoned, or perhaps he would never have thought about God. The man's face positively beamed as the Staff-Captain told him about the children.

Our visit was quite unexpected, and I shall not forget the thrill I experienced as, passing silently in front of the grated cells, I witnessed a silent figure kneeling at his chair, his head buried in his hands—at prayer.

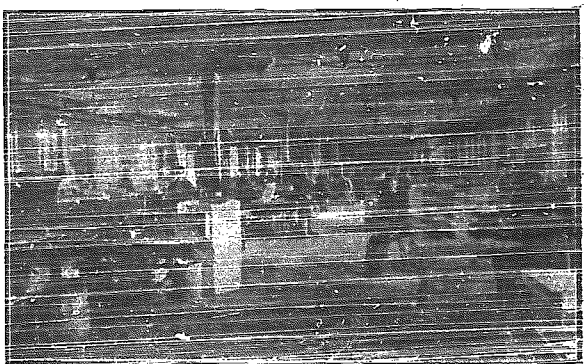
He had given God his heart in the Salvation meeting a short time previously. Who can tell what petition that storm-driven soul was presenting to his Maker—silent and unheard by mortal, but seen and understood by Him who sitteth among the cherubim. (To be continued.)

IN GOOD FIGHTING TRIM AT WINNIPEG.

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TIT-BITS FROM THE TERRITORIES.

The Chief of the Staff is launching a big 'soul-saving' campaign amongst the young people in the British Territory during November.

About thirty Army editors, the majority from the Continent of Europe, will enter the Staff Lodge at Clapton on Saturday, the 20th inst, for a month's session.

At the Sunday morning open-air meeting at Johannesburg, held in connection with the visit of Acting-Commissioner Richards, £7 7s. was collected on the drumhead.

Upon the occasion of the Northern Congress, to be held at Johannesburg next week, a new Ex-Prisoners' Home is to be opened on the Saturday afternoon, and a new Rescue Home on the Wednesday.

A magnificent hall, right in the heart of new San Francisco's present business district has been captured by the Army. The building, which is to be known as New Congress Hall, is beautifully adapted to our work, and gives us an auditorium which is in the very best position the Army has ever occupied in the city.

In Mobile, a Special Relief Committee, consisting of the Mayor, Chief of Police, and forty prominent citizens, started a relief fund for the victims of the West Indian hurricane. The Committee appointed Capt. Widgery, of the Salvation Army, and his assistants, in charge of the distribution of the food and clothing and the investigation of all cases that apply for relief. Effective relief is already being administered.

Acting-Commissioner Richards has been visiting the Randt for the purpose mainly of opening the new hall for the Johannesburg corps, situated within a stone's throw of Commissioner Street, one of the most important thoroughfares. It is reported to be a comfortable, well lit, and splendidly ventilated building, the best in every way which the corps has occupied up to the present. Four souls sought salvation at the opening meeting, and eight more on the Sunday night.

The Salvation Army has taken over the running of the day school at the cotton mill, Lynnhurst, U.S.A. So satisfactory has been the result of this new departure in Salvation Army work that the president of the large cotton industry has again handed over to it the care of the school attached to the mill. The results of the work accomplished last year were very gratifying indeed. This school is exclusively for white children, under twenty years of age, whose parents work in the mill.

MY LESSON.

It chanced one day, that I, disconsolate,
Sat in my sanctum small, and mused
And mourned
O'er sinful man's depravity;
His lies, his tricks, his great ingratitude.
So hope waxed dim, my faith grew small;
And, sick at heart, I longed to be at rest.

Just then a man
Knocked at my door, and entered in.
A man of faith—browned by fierce suns,
And breezy—like a veldt—I knew him well,
And told him what was troubling me.
So then he spoke, and told me how
That miners, in the bowels of the earth,
Would dig and break the stubborn soil,
And blast the flinty rock with riving dynamite;
And if they won one ounce of pure, red gold
Per ton of worthless rubbish,
Thought, they were well repaid.

Also in diamond mines—
Subject to murderous "falle of reef,"
And deadly "mudrush" of the shafts—
Men toiled, and if they won one glistening carat
From the heaped-up load of "blue" or "yellow ground,"
Had happy hearts, for they reaped rich reward.

OUR SHORT STORY II

HOW THE BARTENDER LOST A GOOD CUSTOMER.



BEFORE his conversion, Brother M— had a wretched home. His wife had lost confidence in him, and his children were frightened to screams at his approach. Blessed and dirty they roamed the streets by day and crept into a corner of the miserable hovel they called home at night.

One day Mac (as we will call him) had awoke from a drunken spree with a terrible thirst consuming him. His first thought was to seek for something to drink. All his money was gone he feared, and so he resolved to ask the saloon keeper to let him have some on trust. He discovered, however, that no one would trust such a dissipated looking man as he was.

He'd Done with Him.

"Won't you let me have just one?" he pleaded.

"No; got out of here, I've done with you," snarled the man behind the bar. "You've done with me, eh? Then I've done with you, too," and the drunkard staggered out of the door into the street.

Mark. What was that? The sound of a drum was heard, and Mac wondered up to where a little party of Salvationists were holding an open-air.

What His Chum Said.

Who was that speaking? Why, if it wasn't on old chum of his who had "joined" the Army some time ago. His talk was mainly upon various things he had done in the past, for

He further spoke, And asked me if, amongst the "tons" of human rubbish, I had not seen the ounces of pure gold, And glistening gems uncarved. In greater measure than the miners see their spoils? If so, was I not well repaid?

I owned I was, And my heart smote me for my faithlessness. Then did I learn this lesson from the miner: That human "rubbish" there will always be; But every "load" or "ton" contains its gold or diamond.

So later, for my hardest rock, Or stiffest clay, may hold the prize, And what a prize!—a jewel for my Master's diadem! J. B.

Promoted to Glory.

DROPPED DEAD IN HIS BOAT.

Brother Henry Saunders, of Hare Bay.

For many years Brother Saunders was a faithful Salvation Soldier at the little Newfoundland corps of Hare Bay. He was always ready to do his utmost for the extension of God's Kingdom, and it is with sad hearts that we report his death.

In his last testimony he warned all to prepare to meet God, little thinking how suddenly he would be called before his Maker himself.

One morning he got up and ate his breakfast as usual, intending to go to his work. Stepping into his little boat, he put up the sail, took the oar in his hand, and then fell dead.

We know that the angels have carried him home to the better land, but we so much miss his kind words and smiling face. He was always on the lookout to give someone a cheering word. Many hearts were touched and we laid his body to rest, and we pray that his sudden call may be the means

which God had now pardoned him. Mac had been mixed up in many of these affairs, and as he clung to a lamp post and tried to take in what was being said, he could not help shouting out now and again, "Yes, that's right, that's right."

The desire for drink seemed to lessen, and he followed the march to the hall.

At the end of the meeting Mac was kneeling at the penitent form.

At home that night quite a different scene was witnessed from the usual Saturday night's brawling and drunkenness.

He Kissed His Wife.

Mac went up to his wife and kissed her. It was the first time he had done such a thing for years, and the poor woman was quite astonished.

"Wife," he said, "I have been to the Salvation Army and got converted. I'm not going to drink any more now."

"Oh, you've told me that so many times," said the wife, who could hardly believe that he was sincere.

He Meant it.

"Ay, but I meant it this time," he replied.

He did mean it too. Thirty-two years have passed by and Mac is still a Salvationist. He has held several important positions in the corps, and is respected by all for his sobriety and uprightness.

His children have been brought up respectfully and in the fear of God, and one of them is a prospective Candidate now for our Toronto Training Home.

of awakening many to a sense of their unreadiness to stand before God.

Our sympathy is extended to those he has left behind to mourn their loss. May God cheer them in their hours of sorrow.—Sister Lydia Wells.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Brother Ralph MacLean, Regina.

"God bless the Salvation Army," were among the dying words of our dear comrade, Ralph Erskine MacLean, who laid aside mortality for immortality on Oct. 19th. Brother MacLean met with an accident while riding his bicycle on Wednesday, the 17th inst. He was taken to his boarding house, where, despite the best medical skill, he passed away at early dawn.

Our departed comrade was only 21 years of age when the call came, but he was ready. Two months ago he was converted at Regina barracks. His testimonies were always bright, and there was no mistaking his love for all that was good.

Only the Sunday before his death he testified to his love for God, and his decease has left a deep impression on many who attended our meetings. A few minutes before the end came no repeated the beautiful verses commencing with, "Let not your heart be troubled."

An impressive memorial service was held on Sunday evening, where five (three young men and two young women) sought salvation. Brother MacLean was buried at his home in Charlottetown, P.E.I. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my end be like his."—E. B.

HE TRUSTED IN JESUS.

Brother Belman, of Seal Cove, Trinity Bay.

It is with sorrow that we report the death of our dear brother, Willie Belman.

After a long and lingering illness he passed away, trusting in Jesus.

We pray that God may comfort the bereaved ones.

A Glance at the World

FOREIGN.

Alarm in Morocco is increasing. The American and German ministers are remaining at Fez, while France and Spain have despatched warships, thither.

The reports published to the effect that a military convention had been arranged between Great Britain, France, and Italy are officially declared to be baseless.

The United States Cabinet regards the Japanese situation in California as very serious.

The French Cabinet has decided to sequester the property and revenues of the rebellious clergy on December 11th.

A Standard Oil steamer rescued six fishermen from a burning house-bout off Florida.

New Zealand Parliament has authorized the Government to agree to a reciprocal preference with South Africa, subject to ratification.

The nineteenth birthday of the Queen of Spain was celebrated by setting free a large number of political prisoners and increasing the pay of the Madrid garrison.

Mr. John Burns says that the meat sealed and confined in the Smithfield market during two summer months, about one-tenth came from the United States and nine-tenths from Argentina.

Wholesale house-searching and arrests go on daily in Russia. In Lodz one night seventy doctors, lawyers, and business men were arrested. Odessa has been warned that any demonstration to celebrate the granting of partial self-government a year ago will be dispersed by troops.

The House of Representatives have approved the renewal of the San Francisco mail subsidy for three years, with the proviso that new steamships shall be provided within two years, in default of which the Postmaster-General is empowered to give six months notice of the withdrawal of the subsidy. The House also authorized the making of a contract for the Vancouver service, giving \$3,000 to the steamers making the trip in eighteen days, the maximum subsidy to be \$100,000.

CANADIAN.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company will apply to Parliament for power to establish a pension and superannuation fund for their employees.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is about to place orders in London, Eng., for several large cargo and passenger boats for service on the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Dominion Government Railway system during the past fiscal year, up to July 1st last, shows a surplus of \$66,890, and better showings still are promised for next year.

The inquest into the deaths of Belanger and Theriault has been opened at Buckingham.

Alderman Degenais insists that something should be done in Montreal to keep young children off the streets when they should be at home in bed.

The General Conference of the Union American Methodist Episcopal Churches has forbidden its clergy to marry divorced persons.

A party of Babine Indians from British Columbia are on their way to Ottawa to plead that their immemorial right of barrelling rivers to secure their winter's supply of salmon be restored to them.

In the legal fight as to whether or not the recent vote in Owen Sound entitled that township to local option, Chief Justice Anshook has reversed the judgment of Mr. Justice Macbe. The Chief Justice says every voter having a fair chance to cast his ballot the vote stood, out of total of 2,000 cast, 476 in favor of local option, and so the law must stand.

The labor troubles in Calgary have been finally quieted by the arbitration board appointed by the contractors and men. The men asked for forty-five cents an hour with an eight-hour day. The agreement provides for thirty-five cents an hour till the end of the year, forty cents from then until July 1st, and then 47 1/2 cents for January 1st, 1908, and every cent for a nine-hour day. There is to be no discrimination between union and non-union men.

THE WAR CRY.

THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY OF CANADA, PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

PRINTED BY THOMAS H. COOMBS, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 21 Albert St., Toronto.

An attempt to be written in this as by typewriter, and on both sides of the paper only. Write neat and without guile. All communications relating to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscription, postage and changes of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, 21 Albert St., Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Bank Orders should be made payable to Thomas H. Coombs.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Capt. Loveday Webber to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Lilly Bond to be ENSIGN.
Lieut. Joseph Gilkinson to be Captain.
Lieut. Charles Strothard to be Captain.
Pro-Lieut. Boynton to be Pro-Captain.

Appointments—

BRIGADIER BOND to be Editor of the War Cry.
STAFF-CAPT. JOHN HAY to be Divisional Officer, London Division.
STAFF-CAPT. JOHN McLEAN to be Divisional Officer, Hamilton Division.
STAFF-CAPT. TURPIN to be Assistant to the Trade Secretary.
STAFF-CAPT. DAVID McAMMOND to Montreal I.
MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PERRY to Cornwall.
ADJT. ARTHUR MORRIS to be Private Secretary to the Commissioner.

A Personal Word.

May we be permitted to utter a personal word to the thousands of readers in Canada for whom it will be our exalted privilege to record each week the wonderful works of the Lord, as manifested by the doings of the Salvation Army in this great Dominion? The note we should like to sound would be that of humble gratitude. We are grateful to our beloved General for the high honor he has conferred upon us in this appointment, and for than as for our labors in another field. But above all we are grateful to almighty God for the work of His Holy Spirit and the ordering of His Providence. The position of Editor of the Canadian Cry, as we fully realize, is one that possesses illimitable possibilities for conferring important spiritual blessings and directing the thoughts of men and women into ways of righteousness, and when we realize the vastness of the opportunities we cry, "Who is equal to these things?" and pray that God will come to our help. Another fact that calls for gratitude confronts us, and that is the numerous ways in which the Salvation Army presents an open door to young men and women for a life of direct service to God and their fellowmen. No organization that has been called into being in the history of mankind puts within reach of the ordinary young men and women such facilities for exalted labors as the Salvation Army affords, and we should like in this our first Editorial to call upon all our young readers who possess the necessary gifts and graces to offer themselves for the great service of helping our blessed Redeemer to win the world to holiness and love.

FROM OUR VIEW-POINT



The Fruits of Consecration.

Comments on Current Matters.

A Curious Case.

The drink question has loomed large in the Dominion lately, and assumed a curious aspect at Montreal, where twenty-three drunkards have been let out of jail on the ground that the Recorders had no right to sentence drunkards to such long terms as from six to nine months. A still greater number are to be let out of jail in Quebec. Perhaps in all a hundred drunkards and vagabonds are to be given their liberty. Our opinion is that it would be much better to keep these people in prison and grant the Salvation Army the same privileges at the Montreal and Quebec jails for visiting the prisoners and conducting salvation meetings amongst them as we have in forty other cities in Canada. We direct the attention of the authorities to the article on Prison Work elsewhere.

A Solemn Warning.

Again we have been reminded that in the midst of life we are in death. At Atlantic City, without a moment's warning, an electric train dashed from a drawbridge into a river, and over fifty passengers were drowned. The equipment of the train is said to be entirely new, and at the time of writing no cause can be assigned for the calamity. We extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved ones, and to the unsaved portion of our readers would say that these things are to be regarded in the light of warnings and calls to make our peace with God without delay.

Gambling Again.

We congratulate Australia on its anti-betting legislators, although we are sorry to see that it has been modified to allow betting on race-courses.

We think the Dominion would largely benefit if the facilities for gambling that now prevail were considerably reduced. There is no doubt that betting and gambling is a moral cancer that is eating the heart out of many of the brightest and best of young Canada. Here is an extract from a daily paper:

"H. H. H.—, book-keeper, has added his name to the growing list of young men who have absconded with funds belonging to their employers, leaving a record of gambling proclivities behind them. The company's manager makes the following statement: 'H— absconded with about \$2,000 of our general accounts. He came out from England about two years ago, and came to us well recommended. I understand that H— lost his money betting on races. He raised it by forging express orders and Sovereign Bank orders.' H— is married and has a family."

Young man, beware of evil habits. Seek deliverance, if you are enslaved, from the Great Deliverer.

A Wise Decision.

The open bar, it is said, must be banished. We agree. It is true that the public house in this country, so far as we have seen, is not nearly such a blatant, glaring nuisance as it is in other countries we wot not of. Still, there is far too much advertising of the hellish stuff even in this country. We compliment the Licensing Commissioners and Inspector King, of St. Catharines, on the recent decision. The facts of the case, in brief, are these: The Inspector, while making his rounds, heard a bar-tender ask a man, against whom papers had been issued; what he was going to have. The Inspector then lectured the proprietor and put the bar-tender out of the house. The legality of his action has been disputed, but the Licensing Commissioners have upheld his action and adopted a resolution empowering

Inspectors to summarily suspend any bar-tender caught selling liquor to persons against whom prohibition papers have been issued under section 195 of the act. We hope this will have a wholesome effect on liquor vendors.

THE GENERAL'S MOVEMENTS.

Nottingham's Welcome to her Distinguished Son and his Freeman.

A DAY OF PRAYER AT EXETER HALL.

There is always a special interest attached to the General's visits to Nottingham—the city of which he is not only a native but an honored Freeman.

Consequently it almost goes without saying that our beloved leader was given a great reception when he recently appeared in the local centre. Soldiers and friends turned out by the thousand in their desire to make him feel that he was not only esteemed in other lands, but also in this, his native town.

The General's entry into the soldiers' meeting was the signal for one of the most affectionate outbursts, says our correspondent, I have ever witnessed.

Walked Up Coosgoate.

Naturally the General referred good deal to his early days when, as a lad, he used to walk these streets and sing old-fashioned salvation songs. Said he—

"I shall never forget walking up Coosgoate; with the stars smiling above me, when I knelt in that road and claimed the salvation of God."

"I remember also, about sixty-two years ago, on a Sunday night, going home. It was late; I was returning from a preaching service, when in the old chapel I heard a song. It seemed to me to be a song of help. I went in. All the lights were out except two or three in the corner of the gallery. Here I found a handful of people with a poor backslider."

The crowds of the week-end beggar description! It seems to me that we have had Sunday night crowds at every meeting. The Empire Theatre was besieged. The clamor at the doors was tremendous. Stalls, pit, boxes, grand circle, top circle, and also the topmost gallery, with every promenade, were packed as I have seldom seen a place packed. People crowded the stage, sat on the roof of the building, and at night the block was so great that until nine o'clock fishing was all but impossible. We found accommodation at the four meetings for nearly eleven thousand people, and I am within the mark when I say hundreds, if not thousands, were turned from the doors.

Day of Prayer.

The Army's great Day of Prayer attracted great crowds to the Exeter Hall, London, on Thursday. So enormous was the throng at night that overflow meetings had to be resorted to. The General was in supreme command throughout the day. Despite eleven hours' almost ceaseless toil, his physical strength remained practically unabated to the end.

Leading Events. Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

IN ST. JOHN, N.B.

Important Development.

A NEW INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

An interesting development to the Army's work, both at home and abroad, is marked by the General's appointment of Lieut.-Colonel Stuart Roussel, until recently an Under Secretary in the Foreign Office, as Educational Secretary on the International Staff.

We understand that the new Department will have very definite responsibilities in connection with the educational side of our work, both as it affects the numerous Training Homes, the Advanced Field Training officers in England, an important work which is already likely to be adopted in other countries, and to the increasing educational efforts which are being made by the Army all over the world for the benefit of children and young people.

The Colonel's training and experience have been especially calculated to fit him for this important department. He will take up his new duties at the close of a few days.

Major Lewis, who has also for some time been working in the Foreign Secretary's Office, is appointed as Chief Assistant.

Army Missionaries.

REINFORCEMENTS IN OUR FOREIGN WORK.

Another evidence of the growing importance of the Army's work in heathen lands is furnished by the appointment this week of three officers to work in India and Rhodesia.

The officers in question are Ensign Hans Borgstrom, of Sweden; Captainaisy Parsons, formerly of South Africa; and Capt. Jan Mellema, of Holland.

Ensign Bergstrom, who has been a Chaplain Officer in Sweden, is going out to the Emory Hospital in Guzerat. Captain Parsons, who has been brought up in the Army since he was a child, and who received her training as a nurse in South Africa, will prove very welcome reinforcement to the staff of our Catherine Booth Hospital in South India.

Both these officers sailed from Montreal on the 28th ult.

Capt. Jan Mellema sailed from London on the 18th ult., to take up an appointment on our Mazoe Farm, Rhodesia.

THE WHITE MAN'S WHISKEY.

Saved Indian Testifies—Ten Souls Seek the Same Saviour.

A number of our Indian comrades on the north, accompanied by their families, were with us on a recent Sunday. The people of Vancouver sought the town was taken by storm and a large crowd followed us to the City Hall. The singing and testimonies of the visitors were much enjoyed.

One of the testimonies given was as follows: "I was very bad man, got drunk with whiskey; I had made myself a name, but now I saved and in the name of Jesus."

Adj. Collier gave a forceful and stirring address during the evening, and ten souls sought deliverance from sin.—A. N. M. N.

Another Record-Breaking Campaign—Opera House Gorged—Overflow Meetings—Scores at the Mercy Seat.

MAYORAL AND ALDERMANIC TRIBUTE TO THE GOOD WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

St. John, New Brunswick, Oct. 29th.

The Eastern Councils, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs in command, have broken all previous records. On behalf of the citizens of St. John, His Worship Mayor Sears, supported by Aldermen Bullock and Lewis, warmly welcomed our leaders and delegates to the city.

The Citadel was packed for the welcome meeting, and the inauguration of the Winter Holiness Campaign was a magnificent success. Twenty-five hearts and lives were laid at the Master's feet for cleansing and service.

In the Opera House three very powerful meetings were held on Sunday. At night hundreds were turned away, being unable to obtain admission. The great building was gorged almost an hour before the advertised time and forty-four souls sought salvation, numbers rushing to the mercy seat from the top galleries and forcing their way through the surging crowds.

The Citadel was also packed and an overflow meeting conducted by Brigadier Turner, assisted by the Glace Bay Brass Band.

The counsels were times of rich blessing, the addresses of our leader being full of light, wisdom and power.

The Two Hours at the Cross on Monday night was a splendid finish to a magnificent campaign.

The meeting was a roaring fire of divine love, the building was jammed and numbers turned away. There were ninety-four seekers all told.

The campaign arrangements made by Brigadier Turner and Major Phillips were excellent.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

The Commissioner's party to the East traveled in three sections—the Commissioner going to Ottawa with Brigadier Howell on immigration and other business; Mrs. Coombs and Adj. Morris proceeding direct to St. John, while Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, who acts as our representative, traveling to St. John and Dorchester.

The local papers have devoted very considerable space to the campaign, having extensive write-up before the arrival and very lengthy reports of the meetings themselves. From the reports of the Telegraph we excerpt the following:—

"There was a most enthusiastic meeting last night in Charlotte St. barracks to welcome Commissioner Coombs and the visiting officers of the Salvation Army to the city on the occasion of the opening of the 26th anniversary services. Mayor Sears, Ald. Bullock and Ald. Lewis, on behalf of the city, gave cordial welcome, while the replies by the Commissioner himself, Adj. Carter, representing the male officers of the field staff, Ensign Prince for the female officers, and Major Phillips for the soldiery, were couched in equally warm terms.

St. John's First Visit.

"Every possible seat in the barracks was occupied. Many chairs were called into requisition, and a large number of men and women were standing at the back when Brigadier Turner, in a few well-chosen words introduced Commissioner Coombs, who said he was delighted at the presence on the platform of the Mayor and Mrs. Sears and Aldermen Bullock, whom he described as a worthy son of a worthy father. He thanked Brigadier Turner for his kind words of welcome and for the warm manner in which the audience had received him.

"The Commissioner recalled the time, twenty-two years ago, when he had first tried to visit St. John, but had been prevented by a blockade of snow. 'Mr. Mayor,' he continued,



Mayor Sears, of St. John, N.B.

'you are honored in being the first citizen of no mean city. St. John has always stood for what was good and noble.' He believed that there was great prosperity ahead for this city.

The Mayor Replies.

"Mayor Sears, who received a hearty ovation, said that in great measure the earlier history of the city of St. John may be compared to the earlier history of the Salvation Army. Whatever of growth and prosperity either had attained to had been through storm and tempests. It was rather a dangerous thing at one time, and that not so long ago, to belong to the Salvation Army. His Worship observed

(Continued on page 10.)

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching writes from New York of the enjoyment his recent visit to Toronto afforded him. He was also gratified to feel that he had been made a blessing to the people. He will always have a welcome awaiting him if he should return again.

The Commissioner writes of his councils in St. John, N.B. They have been exceptionally blessed and beneficial. The Sunday meetings were exceptional. Crowds were turned away on Sunday night.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin has gone to St. John's, Nfld., to assist the Commissioner at the councils in the Island Province. The Newfoundlanders have made great preparations and will probably be able to beat the record. The installation of Lieut.-Colonel Rees, the new P. O., will naturally be of great interest.

Staff-Capt. Miller is one of the busiest of men; what with Headquarters alterations and installation of the elevator, the erection of buildings at Brandon, St. John, Vancouver, and Toronto, which he is the architect, he has very little spare time. He has very faithful aids in Ensigns Locke and Freeman—very old friends of the Property Department.

Brigadier Bond is also a very busy and active member of T. H. Q. Staff. The Christmas War Cry is in progress of production. The Editor presented to the C. S. this week a rough draft which promises great things. The Art Section, the supplement, and the covers will be striking features. It may go just a little beyond anything yet seen—anyhow, we will just wait and see. If anyone wants a beautiful souvenir of Canada and Christmas for their distant friends, they cannot do better than mail a copy at the earliest possible date.

The numbers are up, the Provincial leaders are determined to make the most of this beautiful Cry, and it is certain that it will do the Army great credit. Every home in Canada would be better for the possession of the Christmas War Cry.

The Young Soldier will take on a new dress on the New Year. Its shape will be changed and the young people will be able to rejoice in a brand new paper. There is an abundance of opportunity for an up-to-date young people's paper in Canada.

There are evidences of progress, both material and spiritual throughout the Army in Canada. God is on our side. The Holiness Campaign is alive in Toronto, and some glorious meetings are being held in the various corps. We hope for good news from the country.

SHE PLAYED HER CONCERTINA.

Five Souls are Won.

Our D. O., Ensign Baker, accompanied by Capt. Shears, of Harry's Harbor, recently visited Little Bay Island, Nfld., and held a very happy meeting.

The annual picnic was held the next day and the juniors marched around the cove, headed by Capt. Metcalf, playing her concertina.

On Sunday night four souls were saved, and one more came forward the following Thursday.—E. J. Oxford.

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES.

This Page Contains a Glorious Record of Souls Saved, Drunkards Converted, and Crowds Brought Face to Face with the Consequences of Sin and the Power of God's Salvation. Read It!

AN AGRICULTURAL DONATION.

Deputy-Commissioner Believes in the S. A.

Lieut. Coleman has left Regina and is appointed to assist Capt. Smith at Des Moines. She was a great blessing to many while here.

At the farewell meeting four souls came to the penitent form, and we had a real hallelujah wind-up.

As the Corps Correspondent was proceeding to the holiness meeting on the 14th he met the new Deputy-Commissioner of Agriculture for the Province of Saskatchewan. This gentleman was formerly the editor of a leading agricultural paper in the west. He expressed his sympathy with our work and handed a contribution to your humble servant to be put in the collection that evening.—E. B.

HIS MOTHER'S SAVIOUR.

Touched by a Song at Brampton.

We were only six strong on Saturday night, Oct. 20th, and very few people would stop to listen as we stood on the street corner.

As the Captain sang a solo, the chorus of which was, "If you love your mother, meet her at the altar," a man standing on the sidewalk seemed very much touched.

He followed to the hall and there went his way to the cross. He afterwards said that he was on his way to his mother's funeral when the words of the song arrested his attention, touched his heart and finally led him to seek his mother's Saviour.

A SALVATION MAN-O-WAR'S MAN.

Since our last report twelve souls have been won for Christ at Hamilton, Bermuda.

The people here gave very liberally towards our Harvest Festival effort. Our sale lasted for three days and a great assortment of goods were disposed of.

On Oct. 6th and 7th the Naval and Military Leagues were with us. Bro. Boorman, from H. C. S. Dominion, led the Brigade, and we had quite a lively time. Six souls returned to God during their meetings and we wound up rejoicing.

Lieut. Rowe has just come to the islands to work among us. We gave her a welcome at the same time that we said farewell to Capt. Newell.

SOLDIERS ARE ENTHUSIASTIC.

God has wonderfully blessed the efforts put forth by the officers and soldiers at Kenora. This corps is progressing both spiritually and financially.

Last week four souls plunged in the fountain. Capt. Onke is in command. The soldiers are enthusiastic and converts are making a good stand.—McK.

FOUR CONVERTS.

Since our last report from Ingersoll we have had some splendid times. Four persons have professed conversion and six have knelt at the penitent form for a clean heart.—P. L. G.

SHE HELPED MANY.

Capt. Newell has farewelled from Somersat, Ber., after four months' faithful toil. She has proved a great blessing to the people there and has been the means of helping many in their soul's experience.—J. H. S.

IMPRESSIVE MEMORIAL SERVICE

In our Memorial Service on Sunday night at Liverpool, two souls surrendered to God. The service was a very impressive one, and many went away under deep conviction.

THE FAMILY WEAR UNIFORM.

Good Crowds and Eight Souls.

Our week-end meetings at Riverdale were well attended, and finances extra good.

The largest crowd we have seen for some time attended the Sunday morning holiness meeting, and one brother came for sanctification.

On Sunday night Adj. Howell introduced some new comrades to the audience. They were a family of eight who had just come from the Old Country. Every one wore uniform, even the smallest girl having a hallelujah bonnet on. They gave some good testimonies and are likely to prove good soldiers.

Seven souls knelt at the penitent form during the prayer meeting. Two of them were soldiers, the sons of our Senator leader.

They volunteered out while the soldiers were singing "Almost persuaded," and afterwards gave bright testimonies.

HER DEATH TOUCHED HIM.

In the Sunday morning holiness meeting at Campbellton, N.B., one wanderer returned to the Saviour. He had been brought under deep conviction, he said, by the death of Mrs. Chudore, and had made up his mind to take his stand for God again.

A memorial service was held in the afternoon for the comrades who have fallen in the fight during the past year. Deep interest was manifested in the dying testimonies that were read.

A special memorial service was held at night for Mrs. Chudore, and many were made to feel the need of getting ready for death.

One came to the mercy seat.—Eugene Campbell.

GOD HONORED LABORS.

Lieut. Lawrence has farewelled from Sherbrooke after a stay of seven and a half months. He was a great blessing to everyone here, and is now laboring in Montreal V., where we hope he will prove a great help to the comrades there.

Lieut. Hedberg has come to fill his place and we are looking forward to a good time this winter.

P. S. M. Fraser, accompanied by his daughter Ada, visited us lately and we had a good week-end. God honored our labors with one soul on Saturday night and two on Sunday.—W. M. F.

THEY RARELY HEAR OF CHRIST.

During my collecting for Harvest Festival at the different islands and out harbors around Channell, Nfld., I visited seventy houses and held six meetings. The schoolhouses were lent to me at some places, while at others I had to gather the people together at the house of someone friendly to the Army. The meetings were well attended and many people came who rarely hear of Christ.

EVERYBODY WORKED WELL.

This year's Harvest Festival effort has been the largest in the history of the North Sydney corps. Everyone worked well, however, and we have come out victorious. Every one, with the assistance of the young people, did very well, and raised the target set for the juniors without a hitch. Sergt. Major Ivey also came out on top.—Mart.

CONVERTS DOING WELL.

Capt. McLeenan and Lieut. Addy are leading on at St. Stephen. Crowds are increasing, finances going up, and converts doing well.

CLUNG TO HIS TOBACCO.

One Got Saved, the Other Did Not.

Adj. Taylor and Lieut. Layton were recently welcomed to Ottawa I. They had a grand reception.

Staff-Capt. Eilery introduced them to the people, and from the start they seemed right at home. The Adjutant made the remark that from this time forth "we were theirs and they were ours."

Many comrades expressed their determination to stand by the new officers, and as each one spoke they were named by Staff-Capt. Eilery. Ensign Hall, of the Rescue Home, who has had charge of the corps during the councils, then spoke a few words of welcome to the incoming officers.

At the close of the meeting two souls came forward in response to an invitation from the Adjutant. One was obtained pardon, but the other was unwilling to give up tobacco and went away unsaved. We are praying still for his deliverance.

Bro. Charles Mason, an old comrade of this corps, was greeted by his many friends at this service. He is lately from the Northwest.

Nine souls have been won during the period that the councils were on. At Ensign Hall's meeting on Thursday night, four came out. On Saturday night, at a meeting led by Bandmaster Harris, two more knelt at the feet of Jesus; while on Sunday evening, with Ensign Hall and Mrs. Archibald in charge, three others sought pardon.—French.

LARGEST MARCH FOR MONTHS.

They are rejoicing over a large march of soldiers at Kimmunt. For many months there has not been such a crowd at the open-air as on last Sunday.

A combined farewell and welcome home of old soldiers made an interesting meeting. The hall was well filled and the collections were good. Amid much rejoicing one soul knelt at the penitent form.

Lieut. Crowther is farewelling. He has worked single-handed in this corps and won the respect and confidence of all by his devotion to God and the Army.

Our sale of goods on Monday resulted in a good profit being realized, and we fully expect to smother our H. W. target.—E. T.

THEY HAVE BEEN EXAMPLES.

Capt. and Mrs. Ogilvie have just said good-bye after a stay of seven months at Dartmouth. They conducted special open-air meetings during the summer, and have left their people an example of faithfulness to Christ.

Last Monday night was a time of blessing, and at the close of the meeting one sister sought salvation.

We much enjoy the united meetings at Halifax under Adj. and Mrs. Carter.—Sadie Speight.

GREAT SALVATION FIGHTING.

Ensign and Mrs. Coy have been welcomed to Belleville.

Sunday was a day of great salvation fighting. Band and soldiers worked hard and one soul came to the mercy seat.

War Cry all sold out and our faith is high for the Holiness Campaign.—Coutie.

THE CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE.

One soul sought and found salvation at Wataeskiwin on a recent Monday night.

The Captain's message on Sunday evening went home to many hearts, and one day later plunged into the fountain.—Henry.

WELCOME WELL ATTENDED.

The welcome meetings of Captains Andrews and Pease were conducted in the Galt Citadel on Sunday, Oct. 21st. The meetings were largely attended, and at night one soul was welcomed to the Saviour.—Capt. Pease.

THE INDIAN COULDN'T READ.

A Glen Vowell Wanderer Returns to God.

The Harvest Festival effort at the Westminster was closed with a beautiful sacred concert on Sept. 29th. Many Christian friends assisted with their talents, and we appreciated their service very much.

Adj. Hayes and some comrades from Vancouver also came to our service and had a blessed time and everyone was delighted.

On Sunday afternoon two souls knelt to the penitent form. One was an Indian, who had been a soldier at Glen Vowell Settlement, but had wandered away from God. He was made to read the Bible, but the writer was glad to be able to converse with him in his own tongue and explain his promises to him, thus restoring his confidence in the mercy of God.

Lieut. Dave has come to assist at here.—Dixie 2.

Commissioner and Mr. Coombs

IN ST. JOHN, N.B.

(Continued from page 9.)

that the whole history of the race had been a warfare. Men are continually reaching out after better things, great many people say the world is just as bad now as it ever was, in the existence of the Salvation Army proved the contrary.

"While in Ottawa recently the Minister of Agriculture had told him next to the Dominion itself, the greatest channel through which immigration flows into Canada is the Salvation Army. Thus had the small thing, it were, grown till to-day it is one of the mightiest forces in the country."

"He knew that the citizens would join him in bidding the Commissioner and his wife welcome to St. John, and in closing he offered the privilege of the city to the visiting officers."

"The Commissioner then expressed the pleasure it gave him to see the Aldermen on the platform. He spoke of the value of having strong men on the council, because, he said, there are many things in connection with the affairs of the city that require most careful consideration. As for other things, he was in a position to know that there is going to be a great stream of immigration into Canada in the early months of the year, and many of them will land in St. John. He hoped there would be found a dock room enough here to accommodate the ships and other accommodations for the men. 'If not,' he continued, addressing the Mayor, 'you had better do—there is lots of money in the country, and you know where to go for it.'"

"Ald. Lewis was the next speaker. He said he welcomed the Salvation Army to the city, mainly for one thing, and that was their work among the prisoners. He referred to his interest in the jail squad, and said it to be his opinion that no better men had done so much for fallen humanity as the Salvation Army."

"Ald. Bullock, the next speaker, said he esteemed it a pleasure to be present. It was an inspiration, he would do good to all. He considered it a great day in the world when the Salvation Army was established. He had done much in St. John. It was much to be a Salvationist. In the end he said his heart was with the Army and its work."

THE HOLINESS CAMPAIGN.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle at the Temple.

A GOOD CONGREGATION AND A BLESSED MEETING.

An excellent congregation occupied the Temple last Thursday evening, when the second weekly meeting of the Holiness Campaign was held. The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle, assisted by the Headquarters Staff, conducted the proceedings, and a beautiful feeling pervaded the meeting.

The Chief Secretary in his faith reading, which described the return of the spies from the Promised Land, gave an analysis of the words in the Bible that had reference to the sanctification of the soul and those that related to the pardon of sin. This is the analysis: "Holiness," relating to personal conduct, is mentioned 121 times; "Purification," the same sense, 190 times, and "Holy," in the light of a command to be holy, 123 times; while "Justified," as being justified by faith, occurs 76 times, and "Pardon" but 17 times.

Vital Command.

It will thus be seen that in the Bible considerably more stress is laid upon holy living than forgiveness of sins. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," is a commandment quite as binding as any in the Decalogue.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser gave a clear, personal testimony as to the possession of a clean heart, as did also Ensign Gilliam, who, while with a threshing gang and in the lumber camps, far away from Army meetings or religious influences, had found it possible to live a life of holiness unto the Lord. Lieut-Colonel Gaskin, who was leaving for Newfoundland to attend the Commissioner's councils in that colony, also gave a direct plea for personal holiness.

An Apt Illustration.

Mrs. Colonel Kyle, in a clear, well-modulated voice, gave a forcible address on trust in the Lord, emphasized by many apt illustrations, of which the following is a sample:

In some localities visited by her, it was the custom to have gates which opened by mechanical contrivances, without an effort on the part of the driver of the vehicle. It was, however, necessary to drive straight up to the gate, although it was closed, for it was only when the cart or wagon was in close proximity to the gate that its weight would move the spring that opened the barrier. Even so, those who could enter into the state of sanctification must, through faith, march up boldly to the opposing barrier, which, like the mechanical gate, would fall back by the power of God. A number of seekers after sanctification brought a very profitable meeting to a close.

The Chief Secretary, accompanied by Mrs. Kyle and Brigadier and Mrs. Howell, led the special holiness meeting at Liger St. The barracks were crowded, and everyone drank in the Colonel's address from the text, "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation." Twenty-two sought this experience before the meeting closed.

Adj't Owen conducted a stirring holiness meeting at Fort St. Charles on the 25th. The hall was crowded and three souls sought the blessing of a clean heart. One young man had never been in an Army meeting before. He was a Christian, but as he listened to the truth conviction took hold of him. He saw the need and possibility of holiness as never before, and so came forward to claim it.

WARMLY RECEIVED BY EVERYONE.

Ensign and Mrs. Barry have taken charge of Montreal IV. Their welcome meetings were of an enthusiastic nature. Everyone was well pleased with the new officers.

Three souls sought the Saviour's pardon in the Sunday night meeting. —P. d'Albenas.

DAD WATKINS, OF TORONTO, PROMOTED TO GLORY.

A DRUNKEN RAGMAN WHEN HE GOT CONVERTED, HE DIED WITH A SAINTLY REPUTATION.



DAD WATKINS, one of the oldest and most faithful soldiers of the Salvation Army in Canada, has just passed away to his reward. "Dad" Watkins, who got saved at the Salvation Army within a very short time of the starting of the work in Canada, was a familiar sight on the streets of Toronto. Of late years he had become very feeble, and was only able to walk with the aid of a large stick. Nevertheless, he never missed an open-air meeting, and his testimony was always clear and to the point.

The time came at last when he was forced to go to the hospital, and it became evident that his days were numbered.

Only a few hours before he died, Adj't. McElheney paid him a visit and

spoke of the first testimony he had heard Dad give, and in his opinion a simpler, kinder, or more loving Spirit was not often met with. In spite of his age he was an example to many of the younger folk, especially in the matter of turning up regularly at the open-air.

A Reverential Public.

After the Temple service was over a procession was formed, and to the strains of "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Abide with Me," the cortege slowly wended its way up Yonge Street to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Large numbers of people, throughout the sidewalks, and out of respect for the dead uncovered their heads as the hearse passed them.

Brigadier Taylor officiated at the graveside, and a solemn and impressive service was held, leading to a re-consecration of all Salvationists



Dad Watkins.

found him well in his soul and praising God for victory.

Soon after he sank into an unconscious condition, and while in that state his spirit returned to find who gave it.

His Last Meeting.

A short funeral service was conducted by Brigadier Taylor at the Temple on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 27th. The Temple Band was in attendance, and rendered several appropriate selections. In the course of his remarks the Brigadier referred to the faithful life of our comrade under circumstances peculiarly difficult and trying.

Sergt.-Major McCortney, of the Temple, was then called upon to say a few words. He said he had known Dad for fourteen years, and all that time he had never met him without hearing him about, "Glory to Jesus." There had been an agreement between him and Dad that whoever died first the other should act as his pall-bearer.

One of Dad's favorite choruses was then sung by the band. It was as follows:

"Amen! Amen! We sing and we shout;
Christ is in and the devil's out,
He's tamed our lusts right about,
Down at the mercy seat."

Adj't. McElheney, in a short speech,

present, With hands raised to heaven they sang feelingly, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," and the service was concluded with a fervent prayer to God that everyone might be enabled to faithfully live in the spirit of that consecration.

An Old Soldier.

In a short report of the matter, which appeared in the Toronto World, the following facts were given:

"Dad" Watkins was 82 years of age, and had been connected with the Army for twenty-four years. He will be remembered by all who have seen the Temple corps on parade, as a slight figure, rather bent, a kindly face, with grizzly white beard, swinging along with an earnest participation in the services. He was one of the first converts the Army had in Toronto, and when converted was under the influence of Haver. He joined the Army at that time, and has played in the band, led meetings, and held minor offices. As a ragman about town he was well known, but on account of ill-health he sold out his business some years ago."

Prior to his conversion, Dad had lived a very drunken life, and when he came to the penitent form a bottle of whiskey was seen protruding from his pocket.

He was a ragman by trade, but never prospered much at the business.

In his old age he had nothing left by that he could fall back upon and was dependent a great deal upon the generosity of friends. The Temple soldiers regularly clubbed together to pay his board bill, and would look after him in many ways.

A Kindly Disposition.

On one occasion someone gave Dad ten cents to get something to eat with. He was proceeding to a restaurant when he met a poor fellow whom he thought worse off than himself, so he gave him the ten cents and went without the food he stood so much in need of himself. This is just a sidelight on his kindly disposition, and shows how even amongst the poorest Army soldiers the spirit of self-denial is thoroughly ingrained.

The poor old fellow is now beyond the cares and ills of this life, and free for ever from the grinding pinch of poverty in that better land he so loved to sing about.

A Good Memorial.

"He has fought a good fight and won the victory," were the words of Brigadier Taylor at the memorial service.

On this occasion the Temple was packed to the doors, while hundreds were turned away. A most impressive meeting was held, and at the close ten souls sought the Saviour.

PERSONALITIES.

We congratulate Capt. Mabel Stroud, of the London Rescue Home. She has graduated as a nurse and received a gold medal and a certificate for proficiency.

At Dorchester Penitentiary Warden Kirk arranged for Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire to interview over thirty convicts who will soon be discharged. The Warden was very kindly and warmly expressed his appreciation of our work amongst the prisoners.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire informs us that he had the pleasure of journeying with Newfoundland's new commander, Lieut.-Colonel Rees, who was traveling with his family to his new command. Lieut.-Colonel Rees was in excellent spirits, and is delighted with the opportunities that Newfoundland presents and of again serving under Commissioner Coombs.

Brigadier Nehemiah Glover, the former P. O. of Newfoundland, will shortly sail with his wife and family for the West Indies, where he will take up a Provincial appointment. The Brigadier's health has been somewhat indifferent of late. When the writer saw him and Mrs. Glover at the International Headquarters, they both had very nice things to say about Canada, and deeply regretted that their state of health necessitated a departure from the Dominion.

The health of Commander Eva Bond continues to improve. A welcome meeting was arranged for her recently when the Memorial Hall was packed. Everybody was delighted to see the Commander back again. According to latest news she has an interesting social meeting planned for New York in connection with the B. C. C. Campaign, and also the opening of the Boston Provincial Headquarters during the present month. Lieut.-Colonel Kitching, on his recent visit, found her health much better than he expected.

While at St. John, N.B., the Commissioner visited our dear afflicted comrade Capt. Munro, who is evidently nearing the river. It was a great delight to our comrade to have the Commissioner with him, and the room was a veritable Bethel to all who were present. The Captain's testimony to the Commissioner was: "I am fully resigned to the will of God. I have no regrets. If He waits me for seven I am ready. I have loved the fight, and now have joy in looking back over ten years spent in God's service." His message to comrades-officers gathered in council was: "Go on! Fight harder than ever; fight to a finish; go through to the end. Let the Commissioner then prayed with our comrade and kissed him affectionately. In all human probability it is the last time they will meet on earth.

THE SACRED ANIMALS OF INDIA.

How a Cow is regarded in India—Sacred Bulls and Fruit Sellers—My Lord the Elephant—Story of the Great Horse Feast—Monkeys and Adders.



MOST of India's pets are not royal but celestial. To write of animals in the land which keeps its Vedic prayers and forgets the names of its employers, one must leave solid ground and ascend to heaven, must speak in poetry, not prose, in hyperbole rather than in plain speech, says a magazine writer. The question of animals cannot indeed be soberly treated.

The place held by these creatures in India is different from that accorded them in any other country. Every animal is looked upon as but the covering of a spirit. Is not its mind with God? Are not its "auras" and vibrations far purer than ours? May not even the soul of our grandmother leech from its eyes? May not we ourselves return to lower than its state if we give it not reverence?

Poem and parable carry on the strain; till with the Hindu instinct to make of everything an emanation from God, animals have become even more sacred than men.

better gulab-jam; he is richer than I, and can better afford to have these for a friend! May it please your holiness to go—may I—nay, brother—it is too bad! But take thy will."

Royal Bullocks.

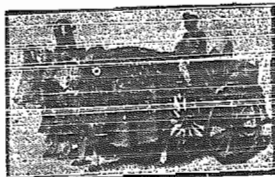
Even a foreigner can almost feel this affection for the royal bullocks that draw the gold and silver carriages of state, can respond to the sweetness of their forest-glances which invite caress of white velvet flanks and adoration of gold-tipped horns and gold-shod feet. The jeweled harness with trailing cloths stiff with precious handwork completes the richness of carved metal, inlaid teak and ivory, and wind-swept curtains from which glance dawn-dashing, dawn-reflecting eyes, their pupils black bees caught in white jade lotus-prisms. The cart may be red or lacquer, with peacocks gilded on the poles and Burma rubies seeded in its diapers. Wreathed with scarlet flowers the cattle look indeed of celestial origin and like no animals we know.

What the cow is to the humble is

that they were no longer animals, but moving mountains of jewels.

In some cities when kings died and left no successor, the marriage garland was thrown over the trunk of a female elephant allowed to roam at will, and whosoever neck she wreathed it with was proclaimed king. Sometimes she would roam for days, then suddenly stop, make obeisance before the chosen one, lift him on her back, and return in triumph. If a woman was chosen, she was crowned queen.

The state horses still are held by sapphire and beryl reins, are hung



Royal Bullocks, Gold Shod hung with Jewelled Harness.

with pearl-wrought nets of gold, but these are of ancient make and used only once a year. The armorers of the king are no longer the artist-artisans of ancient days, but mere machinists and blacksmiths. The horses' tails are still dyed pink, but there are no more moonstones and starstones in the manger.

The White Horse.

When any king wished or felt himself ready for universal dominion he made an "asvamedha," or great horse sacrifice, the most wonderful festival of ancient Aryan life, which proclaimed him "cakravarti" (Lord-of-the-wheel, or ruler) from sea to sea. A white horse was chosen for certain marks, then sent to wander at will for a year and a day, and every kingdom he entered must either give battle or acknowledge sovereignty. At the end of the year the sacrificial posts were overlaid with gold, the great eagle-altar raised, the sacrificial pit dug, and all the new-made "eudatries" joined in the feast-of-the-horse, which was sacrificed with at least six hundred and nine other victims of all kinds—"game and wild, terrestrial and aquatic, walking, flying, swimming, and creeping."

The Rajah's Friend.

But no head may lift higher than that of the "rajah's" personal friend, the monkey. Well may this be, for is he not of both sacred and royal origin? All over India monkeys run in and out the pattern of life. You will see them looking in through your window as you take your "chot-dhozi," or "little breakfast"; they scamper over the roofs holding their young in distressingly human fashion, sit down on their blue or orange pelvis-cushions, and perhaps hold up in derision some object they have just stolen from the table.

In palaces they assume the gravity of princes; in temples, the holiness of priests. Many live in hollow trees in Benares or hide in the recesses of the sanctuary to pick up the grains that fall from pilgrims' offerings. They extend hands horribly repulsive, often covered with cheap rings that the "bhayahares" of the temple have given them. They have even been known to seize a strip of veil and go through the mock marriage ceremony with unrompted precision.



Elephants Ready to Take Royalty for an Outing.

achar
with my readers.

Our readers will observe some changes of form in connection with this number, and the inclusion of some new features. Those old-time Canadians who have seen the advance proofs declare them to be improvements. We hope each who peruses the pages will think the same, but will many men, many minds, and we should like to have the opinion of our readers upon the alterations observable in this issue.

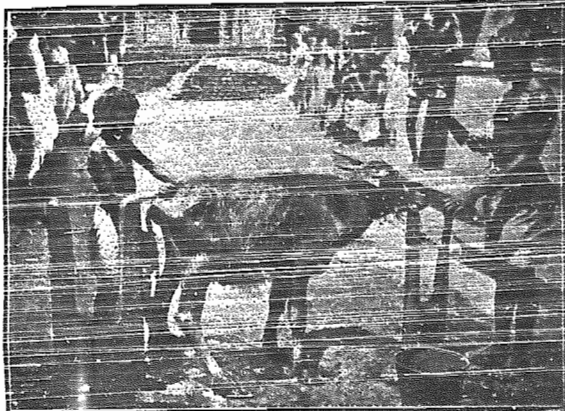
No one man has a monopoly of ideas or brains, and speaking on behalf of my helpers, it may be said that a paucity of either is not visible to the naked eye amongst them. Should our readers be generous enough to be pleased with these our latest efforts to make the War Cry more convenient to read, and a truer reflex of the mighty Salvation work that is being accomplished in this fair Dominion, we can promise them further efforts in this direction, and we earnestly ask for the benefit of any suggestions or ideas which may occur to our comrades for improving the contents. Write us freely, sympathetically if you can, but if you consider we need tramping on with hob-nailed shoes, well, do so—we may groan, but we will never grunt; only write and try to help us.

The Commissioner, and we may say the Chief Secretary and the printer, have shown us every kindness. The Commissioner has written for us a series of articles which, editorially speaking, are excellent "copy." He has also assured us that in the course of a short time we may expect frequent contributions from the pen of dear Mrs. Cowan, who will write more particularly to our fair readers. We are eagerly looking out for the first instalment, and promise our readers that nothing will be wanting on our part to expedite its coming. The Commissioner has also generously agreed to new type being purchased for headings and titles, while the printers are laying themselves out to produce the smartest and best printed journal of its kind on this terrestrial ball. They have not yet got into the stride yet. Watch them. If the bounds of the International Editorial Department read this column they may be interested to know that certain predictions made to them recently are in a fair way of being fulfilled. Again we say, "Watch!"

The Christmas Number, we are happy to say, is well calculated to sustain the glory of the brilliant special numbers of the past. In some respects the coming Christmas Number will differ considerably from any special number yet published in this country, being practically in two sections—a Literary Section, and an Art Section. The first section will contain a most varied collection of stories and topical articles, allegories, and poems. The Land of the Maple Leaf, Sunny South Africa, Klondyke, Germany, and other places are represented by special Christmas stories, each profusely illustrated.

The Art Section will contain a fine representation of Bougereau's Nativity a large two-page picture, "The Flight into Egypt," by Vedder, and other fine pictures of local and seasonable interest; in fact, the whole issue will be decidedly strong in pictorial matter. As the main lines have been decided upon for some time past, the writer feels himself at liberty to say that the scheme of the Christmas Number is decidedly good, and promises to be well carried out. Next week we shall describe in detail the contents of the coming Christmas War Cry.

the editor



A Hindu Sacrifice.

A calf, in attempting to leap the wooden fence of a compound, became impaled on the pickets. It lay there for three days. It groans could be heard all over the house, but no one dared rescue it for it might be killed during the act. A peculiar immensity to suffering, even when personal, prevails all through the Orient. It's the killing that is the crime. God will kill when He is ready. If we had endeavored to remove the calf there would have been a riot. It is the sorest point of the British occupation that the cow-acts need no proof. It was the enforced burning of cow-dung cartridges to the lips that caused the Mutiny.

"Mother the Cow."

From ancient legends we may learn how deep-rooted are the religious convictions on which the sacredness of the cow is based; the tender regard in which she is held; the affectionate companionship accorded her; also the horror with which our eating the flesh of "our mother" is regarded. Everything about the cow has been observed and noted. Every emanation from her body is venerated and used in worship. "As much water as will lie in a hole made in the mud by a cow's hoof" is a well-known Aryan measure.

The sacred "Brahmi" bulls almost constitute an order of religious mendicants by themselves. They feed at will from straw-piles, fruit-sellers' baskets, or evening meal at door of hut, making holy any dish which they touch. The older ones are fully alive to their privileges, and select the finest fruit. Sometimes a patient haw-seller will remonstrate: "My brother, eat not from my stall, it is not worthy! The man across the way makes much

PARAGRAPHS & PICTURES

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We want to make this page one of the most interesting in the War Cry, and ask our readers to help us. Should any striking salvation incident, or newspaper cutting relating to Army work, or photograph of Salvation Army interest come under your notice, will you send it to us? If we consider it the best sent in that week we will send you a dollar coupon. Not much, it is true, but it will show how we appreciate your attempt to increase the War Cry's interest. All our readers, Salvationists or otherwise, are invited to join in this competition.

How a Drunkard was "Red."

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching, of London, Eng., recently delivered a thrilling lecture in the Temple, Toronto. He was clad in rags, to illustrate the condition of the drunkard, and told the following story to justify his garb. He was conducting a week-end's meetings in a London corps some "one" ago, and there stood outside the Salvation Army open-air ring a woe-begone looking creature. His aspect appeared created such sympathy that the publican, outside whose place the Army stood, offered him a free drink, while an inebriated customer told him that he was in good company with the Salvation Army, as his brother, who had been a bad lot, had been made quite respectable by the Army, and he advised the amateur "bum" to go with them to their place.

His First Soul in Canada.

Does God answer prayer?
Capt. McFetrick, of Lisgar Street corps, holds in the most emphatic manner that he does, and for this reason:
It was the Captain's first corps in this country—and his first Sunday.



Calgary, a Cosmopolitan Metropolis. (By the courtesy of The Globe.)

Among the fifteen hundred pupils attending Calgary Public Schools, are to be found twenty nationalities, three of which—Italy, Iceland, and Galatia—do not appear in the above group. All these nationalities are rapidly becoming Canadianized, and are engaging in the various phases of development of Canada for which each class is best adapted. The nationalities represented in the above group, as will be seen by their badges, are: Servia, Sweden, Holland, Dixie (Southern States), Norway, England, Canada, Australia, India, Scotland, China, Austria, United States, Denmark, and Germany.

In the early morning he knelt in the porch of his quarters and prayed that Almighty God would that day give him some manifestation of divine favor—some earnest of success.

And while the Captain yet prayed there was heard a knock on the door. Our comrade rose from his knees and opened it.

There stood a policeman, a perfect stranger.

"Hello, my friend," said our comrade; "been out all night?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then come in, and have a cup of tea," said the genial Captain.

The policeman entered, and said, "I don't want your tea. I'm in a bad way. I want you to pray for me."

Capt. McFetrick never did anything more willingly. Together they prayed, and when they rose from their knees the policeman realized that his load of sin was gone.

This is how Capt. McFetrick won his first soul in Canada. He has won many since.

Saloon-Keeper Cleared First.

Capt. Jim Jones had been sent to open the Army work at a little town in British Columbia.

His reception was not encouraging. The first man he met was a saloon keeper, who told him the Salvation Army wasn't wanted there, and it wouldn't be long before he left the town.

"Your trunk will be the first one packed," replied the Captain, and in the light of other events they were prophetic.

For a while it was hard fighting. All alone he stood on the street corner, and to the accompaniment of the big drum sang songs of invitation to the sinners night after night.

They seemed just as hard as ever, however, and apparently no impression was made upon them.

One night a drunken man lurched up against the Captain, intending to upset him. Just exactly what took place we do not know, but the fellow soon found himself sprawling on the sidewalk.

"Well, now," he remarked as he got up, "it isn't everyone who could do that. Say, here's fifty cents for you. I appreciate your work."

Whatever effect this little incident had on the townsfolk, it is a fact that after this many converts were won, and before the Captain left the town a good corps had been built up. No longer do the officers there struggle on

spring came and the snows melted—some months afterwards—his Corps was found close beside a haystack.

He that is often reproved, but hardeneth his heart and stiffeneth his neck shall be cut off suddenly, and that without remedy."—Ensign Gil- lam.

How the Baby Found a Home.

Capt. McFetrick was out collecting for Harvest Festival. He had a cart-load of stuff, and when a man hailed him and asked if he would take a baby for the Harvest Festival, jocularly the Captain replied that he would. The man then told our comrade a story that stirred his compassionate nature to its depths. He took in the situation at a glance, and when he drove off the soon-to-be-parentless little fellow, whose photograph we herewith reproduce, lay very near to his heart.

He took it home to his own family, and kept it till the Harvest Festival was celebrated, and then when the harvest gifts were to be sold he took the little chap to the Army hall and told the assembled audience how he became possessed of it, and how the young mother had since died and been laid in a lonely grave. There were many moist eyes amongst those who listened to the recital, and when the Captain asked for some one to adopt it a kind-hearted couple gladly took the parentless little one to their own home to be theirs.

"And how does the boy go on?" enquired the stirred listener.

"Splendidly," was the reply. The



The Harvest Festival Boy.

foster-parents say they wouldn't sell it for a hundred dollars.

That is how a baby found a home and parents.

WHO ARE THE PRISONERS OF SASKATCHEWAN?

God's seal rests upon our work at Prince Albert, Sask. The crowds are good and contribute liberally to our funds. The converts are earnest, united, and expectant of great things, and much interest is being aroused among the townspeople in the Salvation Army.

Art. Scott and Lieut. Mirey are quite at home and are now comfortably settled in their new quarters.

The children's work is growing, and we now have four companies.

Bro. Clark, the Police Court Missioner, from Regina, recently spent a week-end here. At a meeting in the jail, seven prisoners professed salvation and were afterwards visited. Many who were previously converted gave a good testimony.

In the afternoon Bro. Clark gave an interesting account of his life, and at night he spoke on "Who are the prisoners of Saskatchewan?" Forcible and striking illustrations of the usefulness of the Police Court work were given, and many souls were touched. Four came to Jesus.—War Cor. Wilson.

alone, but dozens of enthusiastic Salvation Soldiers surround them, and a brass band heads the march down the street.

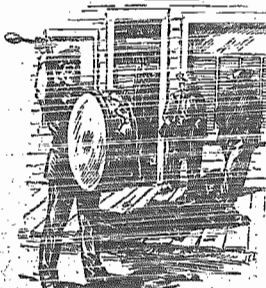
Strange to say, the saloon keeper who first met the Captain, failed in business shortly afterwards, and had to leave the town, with only an ordinary grip full of his belongings.

Thus does God test the faith and honor the labors of His people.

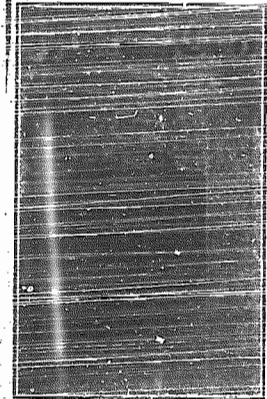
Fate of a Procrastinator.

Whenever I hear a man lightly put off God's salvation I think about a man I met in the Northwest. My wife and I first met him in prison, when we went there to conduct services. At one time he seriously thought of getting converted, but put it off.

Then one day came his release from prison. To show his appreciation of our efforts in his behalf he came to the quarters and brought with him a Bible for Mrs. Gillam and a silk handkerchief for myself. We again earnestly brought him to get converted, but he laughingly waived the matter and left us, intending to walk to another town for work. Two days later he was overtaken by a blizzard, and when the



The Man Lay on the Sidewalk.



Front Page of the First Canadian War Cry.

Our comrades said he would go if his adviser would accompany him. The inebriated One agreed, and the two marched, one each side of the flag, to the Army hall, where they proceeded on to the platform and sat together the cynosure of all amused beholders.

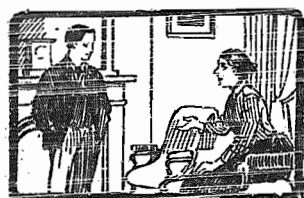
The meeting proceeded until it came to the point when the leader called upon Lieut.-Colonel Kitching to address the gathering. Judge the surprise of the inebriated One as his whilom companion was received with cheers by the audience.

He stood, he gasped, he stared, and then spluttered out, "Well, I'm blowed, you 'ave 'ad me this time!"

The inebriated One sat and listened and at the close of the address knelt in humble penitence at the mercy seat. Shortly afterwards the wife and children got converted also, and now the whole family instead of being poor and wretched, are well-dressed, clothed, and living righteous lives. Old truths in new dress are required in these days. Strike out on new lines, soul-winners all.

What the Law could not do

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY



She Tempted Him to Steal.



FOREWORD.
MOST dangerous man in the country and I feel it my duty to order you to be kept in penal servitude for the remainder of your natural life."

Thus spoke the late Mr. Justice Hawkins to Charles Overton, who stood in the dock at the Central Criminal Court, London, Eng., on March 31st, 1881, convicted of burglary and the attempted murder of four persons.

Twenty years later. One day Charles Overton, now known as Convict 72, as he sat in his cell, heard the hoarse grating of the key in the lock. The door swung open, and the turnkey's gruff voice summoned him to the governor's office.

The spirit of God, and the Christ-like conduct of a Christian prison official had done a great work for the one-time fierce and desperate convict, No. 72. He had been led to give his heart to God, and his conduct since had been so exemplary that his case had been brought before the King, and on the occasion of His Majesty's accession to the throne he was informed that His Majesty had ordered his release, on the condition that he did not leave the country—so by the King's grace, he was free.

Free! Free to walk the streets after twenty years' confinement in a prison-cell; free to wear the garb of an honest man, after having borne the felon's brand for a score of years, free to mingle and speak with his fellows, after all those weary years of enforced silence. Free! Free! Free at last, by the King's grace.

We first saw Charles Overton at the home of a friend, a man named Guide Homes, and were struck with his appearance. He was a tall, well-proportioned man, about fifty years of age, and of a very intelligent and prepossessing countenance. A type of man singularly unlike the recognized brand of Bill Sikes, and not evidently not criminal by instinct, but the victim of evil circumstances. We listened to his story, which certainly possessed all the elements of thrilling interest, and, as a psychological study, is highly instructive.

It showed a high-spirited, but kindly disposition, and a heart that was bruised by the harsh conduct of a drunken grandfather—how he was led into crime through the investigations of a Delilah—how he emerged from the prison at the age of twenty-five, being shut away from his fellows and sent to a distant island, for "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him"—how, by humane conduct and the grace of God, he became a new creature, and ultimately a self-respecting and respected member of society.

The circumstances which led to his being brought into contact with the Salvation Army are painful, but interesting; and throw a flood of light upon the difficulties that beset the path of the ticket-of-leave man who endeavors to get back once again to honest society. The story also shows how great is the need for work amongst discharged prisoners.

When Charles was discharged from prison he was placed with a society which was thought by the prison authorities to be well suited to his case. Under the guidance of the society, and the money that he had been able to make away, and as the society did not suc-



Free After Twenty Years.

ceeded in getting employment for him, Charles thought it would be well to look out for himself. He saw in the pages of a labor journal an advertisement stating that stone-cutters were required in a certain district in Cornwall. He had learned stone-cutting at Dartmoor, so he applied for and obtained work at the said quarry.

Being on license he informed the authorities at Scotland Yard of his circumstances, and was ordered to report himself to the Superintendent of Police at the town nearest the quarry at which he had obtained employment, which town we will call A. Now, although A was only situate about three miles from the village and quarry, which we will call B, the two places were in different counties. So when Charles presented himself and papers to the superintendent at A, he was informed that B was out of his jurisdiction, and that he (Charles) must report himself to the constable of that place.

Charles duly reported himself to the one constable who composed the police force of A; but only to be informed that his papers were made out to the superintendent at A, and that he (the constable at B) could have nothing to do with him. A game of cat-and-mouse, and shuttlecock, then commenced between A and B. Charles, being the shuttlecock. At last the police superintendent at A told Charles to get lodgings, and go on with his work, and he would stand by him if inquiries were made.

But this affair was only the beginning. The village at B had noticed a stranger in their midst. He had been seen in company with the constable. Who was he? Whence came he? What evil had he done? These and many other questions passed from village to village.

Charles succeeded in getting comfortable lodgings, and was very pleased with the outlook of affairs. But during the evening a change came over the genial hostess, and he was very politely, but firmly, told that matters connected with the limits of jurisdiction in her house, which he thought he had successfully re-

gulated earlier in the day, now presented an insurmountable barrier to his lodging there, and he must get another place.

It was late before he succeeded in getting lodgings for the night. This was the first day.

The day following he succeeded in getting lodgings, and went to his work in the quarry. Early in the evening he retired to rest, as all good citizens should do. But before he slept he heard the voice of the village constable in the room below, enquiring in loud tones for Charles Overton. The policeman, in all the bravery of shining buttons and blue cloth, was shown upstairs to Overton's bedroom, where, in a very pompous manner, he made some trivial enquiry respecting Charles and his papers.

This occasioned much speculation amongst the household with whom Charles lived. It was thought that he was a detective.

A day or two afterwards, Charles sustained a slight accident to his wrist which prevented him working.

Then the policeman came to him again in full uniform, which is a proceeding contrary to the law, for police regulations state that if a policeman is required to visit the residence of a ticket-of-leave, he must go in private clothes. Perhaps the B constable did not know that.

This second visit convinced the good women that her lodger was an undesirable character, and must be got rid of at once. She did not want to have a policeman continually coming to her house.

Charles, for the second time in five days, received notice to quit.

On the Saturday he was on his way to the quarry to draw a few days' pay that was due him—his wrist would not yet permit him to work—when he met some of the men returning from the quarry, one of whom was thoughtless enough to say, "You need not go back there any more. The cap'n knows all about you, and there's no more chance of work for you there."

Charles believed it, and full of resentment at the injustice of the treatment meted out to him, refused to go



The Army to the Rescue.

near the quarry again—not even to his money.

Just fancy yourself in his place, reader. Here he was—a man who had spent nearly thirty years in prison, and well knew the difficulties that attended the well-meaning desire to leave—the officious interference of detectives—the unprincipled conduct of pals, who, to gratify personal spite, go to the house and tell the people that So-and-so who is living with them is a criminal on licence—the reluctance of respectable men to work outside a man whose name was on the felons' roll. He knew all the devices by which the released criminal is hunted from pillar to post.

And was not he hunted?

At his first lodging, without any reason that he could assign, he was told to leave after being there but a few hours.

From his second lodging after a few days' residence, he had been asked to leave, and no substantial reason given.

And now the men had said that he was to be turned away from his work. It is to be wondered at that he refused to go near the quarry again?

He was now homeless, penniless, and workless. What was he to do?

About fifteen years previously Charles found Christ in a prison cell, and although he was now passing through a fiery trial his faith failed not, and he lifted his heart to God for help.

A voice seemed to say to him, Go to the Salvation Army Captain—B. He acted upon the suggestion. The Captain listened sympathetically to his story, gave him food and lodging, and communicated with the chief officer of the Social Work, who agreed to take Overton into the Prison, this time in London. There he stayed for several months, living an exemplary life, and giving every satisfaction. He is now occupying the position of foreman with a London tradesman.

A very pertinent question concerning Charles Overton at this juncture is: What would he have done had not the Salvation Army come to his assistance? A man with hunger gnawing at his stomach, and nowhere to sleep, it is not in a position to hold out his hand against the temptations of the evil one.

It is quite possible that some people may be inclined to cast a doubt upon Overton's story of his treatment at B. But it is my province to say that what we have personally investigated the affair. We visited B, and conversed with those with whom he lodged, and also with the overseer of the quarry, and found Overton's story to be substantially correct. Also that all who remembered him admitted his having been in London. What the good people of B were enlightened as to the character of the man who had been in their midst, a great feeling of pity for him was created, and much regret felt that he had been so treated.

We give the foregoing particulars because we shall publish some remarkable episodes in our new serial, and we would like our readers to know that where where possible they have been verified, and we have no hesitation in telling them that they may safely accept the events, where no date has been available for verification, as substantially true statements.

Look out next week for the first instalment of the new serial story, entitled,

"What the Law Could Not Do."

FOR HUSBANDS AND HOUSEWIVES

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Is there anything on this page for you? If not, write and tell us your difficulty and we will advise to the best of our knowledge. We cannot, however, undertake to answer every question, for there is a large variety of cranks in the world, and some may have even found their way into Canada; but reasonable questions relating to the soul, or social life of our readers we shall be happy to submit to our advisers and publish their counsel on this page.

☞ Cookery Hints. ☞

Savoury Balls.—Half pint each of bread crumbs and mashed potatoes, one hard-boiled egg cut small, a little onion chopped fine, a sprinkling of parsley, thyme, pepper and salt, a small piece of butter melted. Bind all together with beaten egg, form into balls, dip in egg and bread crumbs, fry in boiling fat or place in pie dish and bake. Serve with brown gravy.

Brown Gravy.—Fry one oz. dairy butter a nice brown, add a little flour and salt, stir well to prevent burning. Add boiling water or stock, simmer for five minutes; serve.

Crab-Apple Jelly.—Required: Nine pounds of crab-apples, three quarts of water. Allow three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar to each pint of juice. Wipe the apples clean, but do not peel or core them. Put them in a pan with the water, and let them boil gently till they break, but take them off the fire before they get into a pulp. Next pass them through a jelly bag, put the juice into a preserving pan, boil it quickly for a quarter of an hour, then measure it and the sugar in the given proportion. When the sugar has dissolved, boil the syrup until a little "jellies" when it has been allowed to cool on a plate. Pour into clean, dry jars, and cover when cold.

Another Way for Sour Crab-Apple Jelly.—Cut in quarters, take out seeds and core, cook in porcelain or enameled kettle with water enough to cover nicely. Cook briskly for about one hour, then drain through a jelly bag until the juice is all out. Do not squeeze them at all. Now to one quart of juice add one pint granulated sugar and boil one quart at a time until it drops from the spoon in a small ball. Pour in glasses, and it is ready to serve when cold. It is delicious.

For Spiced Crab-Apples.—Take one peck of crab-apples, seven pounds brown sugar, one quart good cider vinegar, five cents' worth stick cinnamon, whole cloves, allspice and nutmeg. Boil all together; take out apples and boil down juice; pour it over fruit and can it.

☞ Cottage Garden. ☞

Plant all your hardy bulbs, both for indoor and out door bloom. They deteriorate every day after November 15th.

The fall is the best time to plant lily bulbs, but many do not arrive until November. Heap manure on the proposed lily beds now and you will have unfrozen ground in which to plant the bulbs.

Plant some hardy ferns in that dark, narrow passageway near the house where no flowers will grow. November is the great month for starting mushroom beds, because mushrooms are most appreciated in early winter.

Make a compost heap! This is the best time to make it, because the grass is dead. Get sod about three inches thick from an old field or pasture and pile them up in layers on the grass side down. Between the layers of sod put a layer of cow manure, using about one part of manure, to three of sods. If turned over a couple of times during the winter this will make the best soil for potting plants.

Gather all the leaves possible! Do not burn a single one.

Put a four-inch mulch on the rhododendron bed and do not remove it next spring, either. This is one of the little details which makes or mars your rhododendrons.

Ere some of these leaves near your bulb beds, but do not cover the beds with them until there is an inch or two of frost in the ground. Never mind if you don't get it on till Christmas, but get it on before snow covers the ground. Bank up your cold frames with them. With leaves around the frame, straw mats and shutters over the glass, and sometimes a dash of hay or straw on extra cold nights, it is possible to keep the frost out of your frame all winter.

Cover strawberries two inches deep with hay or straw, not this year's autumn leaves.

Cut off asparagus tops and burn them, berries and all, as the seeds may sprout where they are not wanted. Mulch with two or three inches of rough manure.

☞ Care of Children. ☞

We shall be pleased to receive questions connected with the care and training of little ones. Will mothers who are in difficulty with their children write us?—Address, Editor, War Cry, Albert St., Toronto.

Bleeding from the nose is a very frequent occurrence in children, and now and again very salutary, and may be left to work its own cure. If, however, at any time it becomes profuse and attended by headache, a medical

man should be consulted, and, in the meanwhile, in order to stop the bleeding, place the child in a recumbent posture and apply cold water to the head, or dash ice water over the face, and drop a large key down the back; but the most important rule to be observed in excessive bleeding is to keep the child lying perfectly flat upon its back. A gentle opiate may also be given with advantage.

Healthy babies try to walk at any time between the ninth and eighteenth month. They should by no means be encouraged to attempt walking. Nor should they be allowed to stand much supported by a stool, or chair, or otherwise. Bow-legs are a frequent result of untimely physical ambitions of this kind. The earlier the baby attempts to stand, the more it must be discouraged—a difficult problem in the case of a "stirring" child. Give it some plaything that will absorb its attention while sitting, or take it out into the open air. When the child is really strong enough, on its legs to walk or stand steadily, these precautions may be gradually relaxed. But a baby should not be taught to walk. It will walk soon enough when it dogs so on its own accord.

☞ Legal Adviser. ☞

Should any of our readers be in legal difficulties, write to us. Our Legal Adviser will counsel you gratis.

Change of Name.—This could be effected by way of a deed poll duly executed and enrolled.

E. Jensen.—Yes, we could obtain a copy of the will of your late grandfather who died in Johannesburg.

Probate.—We could get probate taken out for you of your late husband's estate through our solicitor.

Naturalization.—Yes, we could get the papers made out for you with a view to obtaining a Government certificate.

Buenos Ayres.—We will have enquiries made in South America, and see if we can ascertain if the person referred to died, leaving any estate, and if so, the value of the same, and if you are benefited in any way.

Mrs. Singleton.—A week's notice is sufficient, providing it was clearly arranged between you at the beginning of the engagement that you were to give your services from week to week. New York City.—We could have enquiries made in the various States in America, with a view to locating the person referred to by you.

To Prevent Chills.—Soak the feet and hands twice a week in hot water that has common salt dissolved in it, in the proportion of half a pint measure of salt to one gallon of water.

☞ Wife's Emporium. ☞

To Clean a Brown Leather Belt.—Erase any dirty spots by rubbing with a rag dipped in spirits of wine. Wash the belt with soap and water, and when dry polish with ordinary brown-boots or harness cream.

A Sand Bag.—Mothers with young children who are subject to earache will find a sand bag almost invaluable, as it will hold the heat a long time, and its composition is such as to render it easily adjustable to the effected part. Take a flannel bag ten inches square, and fill it with fine, clean sand that has been thoroughly dried in the oven. Make a cotton bag to draw on over the flannel, as this will prevent the sand from sifting out. This sand bag will also be found useful in case of tooth ache and facial neuralgia. Place it in a hot oven on a plate when you wish to heat it.

Colored Flannels.—Never put salt to set the color into the water in which they are washed. Use instead a piece of alum about as big as a large nut to three or four gallons of water.

How to Clean Tinware.—To clean tinware, rub well with a damp cloth dipped in soda-salt, then dry. An equally effectual method is to place tin articles in a large vessel of water in which soda has been dissolved, and let it boil from ten to fifteen minutes.

Enamelled Ware.—Enamelled pans can be cleaned by the use of crushed egg-shell together with soap and water. Frying pans are cleaned with boiling water and suds, scrubbed and rinsed. Careful drying prevents odor and rust.

Stop the Leak.—A very good temporary stopping for a leak in either a gas or water pipe may be produced by working powdered white and yellow soap into a paste. Press it into the leaking part of the pipe, and put on sufficient to make the hole airtight. This is only a temporary remedy, and should not prevent the plumber being secured at the first possible moment.

To Render Shoes Water-Proof.—Warm a little bees-wax and mutton suet until it is liquid, and rub some of it lightly over the edges of the sole where the stitches are.

To Ease a Corn.—Rub a little oil of peppermint over a sensitive corn, and the soreness will be eased in the most wonderful manner.

To Put Out a Blaze.—Flour thrown upon burning oil will instantly extinguish it, while water only spreads the flames.

To Drive Worms Out of Apples.—If housewives who dislike to find worms when cutting apples would first put the fruit in cold water, they would find that the worms would leave the apples and come to the surface of the water.

Asked and Answered.

This department is established for dealing more particularly with spiritual matters and those things that belong to soldieryship in the Salvation Army. If you are in doubt about anything, ask the Editor.

Army Friend in trouble lost, having lost one's first love for God, it is impossible to regain it.

You may not a deeper, stronger love for God than the first joyous delight you had in Him—a tried love—the love which trusts when it cannot see. Seek it without delay.

A young man is anxious to know whether his brother, who is just con-

verted, cannot enter an Army band at once.

The Commanding Officer, who tells your brother to be a Recruit for one month, and a soldier for three or four months longer before being admitted into the band, has decided very wisely.

Your brother must learn to be a Salvationist before he becomes a bandsman.

He should throw himself heartily into the open-air work, and never lose a chance of praying or testifying. His leisure may well be used in teaching himself to read music; but to learn how to win souls is more important than all.

No Army Bandsman would want a member of his band a man who had not first learned to be a good, obedient, godly, and useful soldier.

Enquirer has been a soldier several months, and feels she ought to become a Candidate, but her mother objects.

You are old enough to decide this important matter for yourself. Let no one steal your chance of living to win souls. Yield yourself to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. He will not leave you in doubt about His will.

I cannot get anywhere private for prayer, so had I not better just live on and trust God?

You must pray, or your salvation will die. If you cannot get alone with God in your own house, try the railway carriage, the street, the fields. Your soul can be alone with God anywhere, and you can pour your longings out to Him as you go about; but don't forget to pray on your knees at

home, even if it is in the midst of noise and trouble.

What does the Scripture mean when it says about taking away the heart of stone and giving a heart of flesh?

Most likely the writer was illustrating the message God had given him by referring to what the readers of his day would understand, viz., the writing of sacred names and sentences on a stone, heart-shaped, which the ancient Egyptians used to put in the embalmed body of a dead person in place of the heart of flesh. There is a beautiful truth in the fact that God will, in answer to prayer, take away the unfeeling, hard heart of the sinner "dead in trespasses and sins," and replace it by a living, beating, warm heart—the "new creature in Christ Jesus."

PLEASE NOTE

Several things have been crowded out of this issue, including "Notes for Bandsmen"; Our Weekly Interview; Goss to Glory; and the War Cry, Boomer's Honor Roll. Will the dear comrades interested in the latter understand that we leave out their names with great reluctance, as we appreciate their devotion so much.

Missing.

To Parents, Relations and Friends
We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; but only on payment of \$1.00. American Commissioner The A. C. Coombs, 30 Adelaide, Toronto, and 100 "Holloway" in the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a report of a missing person is received, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount may be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and sailors are requested to look regularly through this column and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

5634. SMITH, E. J. Age 38, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair, red moustache, inclined to stoop forward from shoulders. Left South Africa one year ago. Was discharged from hospital, London, Eng., in October, 1905, and supposed to have come to Canada. News wanted.

5635. COLES, JOSEPH. Age 36, married, height 5ft. 4in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Missing two and a half years. News wanted.

5637. MOTH, WALTER. Age 24. Not been heard of for four and a half years; was then at Louisa Bridge, Man. Mother very anxious. News urgently wanted.

5627. WICKHAM, ERNEST EDWARD. Left England on March 1st, 1906. Last known address, Inverness, Age 40. Height 5ft. 11in., dark hair, grey eyes, sallow complexion, heavy dark moustache. News wanted of his whereabouts.

5630. CAMPBELL, PETER. Age 31, dark brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion, two nails of one hand missing. Has been missing now for fifteen years; was then in Montreal with his parents, but they left him there and returned to Scotland some fifteen years ago. They are very anxious to know of his whereabouts.

5631. BRYANT, SIDNEY. Single, age 23, height 5ft. 10in., dark hair, and eyes, pale face, butcher by trade.

(Second Insertion.)

5600. WALPOLE, THOS. Age 37, height 5ft. 8in., sandy moustache, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion, wireworker by trade. Has with him a child of three years. Wife will forgive all if he will return.

5657. ROGERS, MRS. J. H. (nee S. A. Dawson). Age 30 years, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair, dark eyes. Missing six years. Her last known address was 194 Erie St., Cleveland, Ohio. Her sister in Canada enquires. News urgently wanted.

5617. LYLE, MRS. JOHN (nee Kate Taylor). Age 67. When last heard of had left for either Stratford or Brantford. Sister Margaret in Ottawa, anxious. American Cry please copy.

5607. BOWES, ROBERT. Age 24, height 5ft. 9in., dark hair, brown eyes, fresh complexion. Was ship's steward. Last known address, Montreal.

5614. WEST, ABRAM. Age 79, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes. Missing for years. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

5619. ASKEW, MRS. FANNY, alias Condon, alias Summerville. Landed in Quebec, Sept. 6th, in company with a man named Condon, who possesses hypnotic powers, and may be exercising the same over her. They may be giving spiritualistic concerts, etc. News urgently wanted.

5616. DONERNHEIM, FRED. Came to this country in June last. Friends want news.

5616. ROBERTSON, MRS. EMILY. Some four and a half years ago was living somewhere in Ontario. Friends in the Old Land want news.

5608. BRACH, THOMAS. Age 32, dark hair and complexion, grey eyes, has small-pox marks on his face. Last known address, Port Arthur.

5606. ROGERS, JOHN. Age 27, dark hair, dark eyes, and complexion. Missing thirteen years. Was then in Sudbury, Man. News wanted.

SALVATION SONGS.

SALVATION.

Tunes.—Evan (N.B.B. 31); Manchester (N.B.B. 47).

1 Come every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome
sinners home,
Sinner, don't delay.

For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe on Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

Come, then, and join the happy band,
And on to Glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

Tune.—Jesus is Strong to Deliver.
(N.B.B. 245).

2 Why are you doubting and fearing?
Why are you still under sin?
Have you not found that His grace
doth abound?
He's mighty to save, let Him in.

Chorus.

Jesus is strong to deliver,
Mighty to save! Mighty to save!
Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save.

You say, "I am weak, I am helpless,
I've tried again and again."
Well, this may be true, but it's not
what you do,
'Tis He who's the Mighty to Save!

When in the tempest, He hides me;
When in the storm, He is near;
All the way 'long He carries me on,
And now I have nothing to fear.

HOLINESS.

Tune.—For Ever with the Lord
(N.B.B. 63).

3 From every stain made clean,
From every sin set free,
Oh, bless the Lord, this is the gift
That Thou hast promised me.

And pressing through the past
Of failure, fault, and fear,
Before Thy cross my soul I cast,
And dare to leave it there.

From Thee I would not hide
My sin, because of fear
What man may think; I hate my pride,
And as I am appear—
Just as I am, O Lord,
Not what I'm thought to be;
Just as I am, a struggling soul
For life and liberty.

Tunes.—Tucker (N.B.B. 120); Christ
for Me (N.B.B. 124).

4 Thou Christ of burning cleansing
flame,
Send the fire!
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim.
Send the fire!
Look down and see this waiting host,
Give us the promised Holy Ghost,
We want another Pentecost,
Send the fire!

God of Elijah, hear our cry,
Send the fire!
He'll make us fit to live or die,
Send the fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin,
Send the fire!

WAR.

Tune.—With the Conquering Son
(N.B.B. 109).

5 We are sweeping through the land,
With the sword of God in hand;
We are watching, and we're praying
while we fight.
On the wings of love we'll fly
To the souls about to die,
And we'll force them to behold the
precious light.

Chorus.

With the conquering Son of God.

Oh, the blessed Lord of light,
We will serve Him with our might,
And His arm shall bring salvation to
the poor.

They shall lean upon His breast,
Know the sweetness of His rest,
Of His pardon He the vilest will as-
sure.

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British Columbia

FALL COUNCILS.

THE TOUR OF Commissioner

AND

Mrs. Coombs.

PRINCE ALBERT.

SUNDAY, Nov. 18.—City Hall.

WINNIPEG.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22.—Conv-
sation and Welcome in City
Hall.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23. Councils all
day.

SATURDAY, Nov. 24.—Soldiers'
Council in Citadel at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, Nov. 25.—11 a.m., Hol-
iness Meeting in Citadel; 3 and
7 p.m., Dominion Theatre.
"Shadows of the Cross" at
night.

BRANDON.

MONDAY, Nov. 25.—City Hall.
"Shadows of the Cross."

REGINA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 27.—City Hall.
Welcome Meeting.

EDMONTON.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29.—Welcome
Meeting.

CALGARY.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30.—Opera House.
"Shadows of the Cross."

NEW WESTMINSTER.

SUNDAY, Dec. 2.—3 p.m., Meth-
odist Church.

VANCOUVER.

SUNDAY, Dec. 2.—7 p.m., "Shad-
ows of the Cross."

MONDAY, Dec. 3.—Officers' Coun-
cils, morning. Opening New
Hospital, afternoon. Immi-
gration lecture at night in City
Hall.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4.—Councils,
morning. Victoria at night.

REVELSTOCK.

FRIDAY, Dec. 7.—Welcome Meet-
ing.

NELSON.

SUNDAY, Dec. 9.—Opera House.
"Shadows of the Cross" at
night.

FERNIE.

MONDAY, Dec. 10.—Opera House.
Welcome Meeting.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Adj. A.
Morris will accompany the Com-
missioner and Mrs. Coombs.

HOLINESS CAMPAIGN

The Special Series of Thursday
Holiness Meetings in connection with
the Campaign at the Temple will be
conducted by the following leaders:
November 6—Brigadier Southall.
November 12—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.
November 19—Brigadier Taylor.
November 26—Brigadier Hume.
December 3—Colonel Kyle.
December 10—Brigadier Collier.
December 17—COMMISSIONER

COOMBS.